

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }
Volume LV.

No. 2202.—September 4, 1886.

{ From Beginning,
Vol. CLXX.

CONTENTS.

I. PASTEUR AND HYDROPHOBIA,	<i>Nineteenth Century,</i>	579
II. DON ANGELO'S STRAY SHEEP. Conclusion,	<i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i>	592
III. LOUIS II. OF BAVARIA,	<i>Temple Bar,</i>	602
IV. KING LOUIS OF BAVARIA,	<i>Contemporary Review,</i>	612
V. THIS MAN'S WIFE. Part XI.,	<i>Good Words,</i>	614
VI. LA FONTAINE'S FABLES,	<i>Macmillan's Magazine,</i>	622
VII. GREEK PEASANT LIFE,	<i>Fortnightly Review,</i>	630
VIII. CREMATING A KING,	<i>St. James's Gazette,</i>	637
IX. TWO ALPINE DAYS,	<i>Spectator,</i>	638

POETRY.

THE SHIP OF STATE,	578	WRITTEN FOR ONE IN SORE PAIN AND DISTRESS,	578
LIVE AND LET BE,	578		
PRINCE LUCIFER,	578		

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & CO., BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For EIGHT DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks, and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & Co.

Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 13 cents.

THE SHIP OF STATE.
(HORACE. — BOOK I., ODE 14.)

AD PATRIAM.

SHIP of the State, beware !
Grapple the port ; fling all thine anchors down.
New floods, new eddies, bear
Thy frail and shattered hull to shores unknown.

See how the rower faints upon his oar !
Hark to the groaning of the mast
Sore-stricken by the Lybian blast !
Thy shrouds are burst ; thy sails are torn,
And through thy gaping ribs forlorn
The floods remorseless pour.
Dare not to call for aid to Powers Divine ;
Dishonored once they hear no more :
Nor boast, majestic pine,
Daughter of Pontic forest, thy great name,
Old lineage, well-earned fame,
The honors of thy sculptured prow :
Sport of the mocking winds, nor feared, nor
trusted now !

Alas, my country, long my anxious care,
Source now of bitter pain, and fond regret !
Thy stars obscured, thy course beset
By rocks unseen ; beware !
Trust not soft winds and treacherous seas,
Or the false glitter of the Cyclades.
Spectator. STEPHEN E. DE VERE.

LIVE AND LET BE.

LIVE and let be ! The Alpine heaven is
bright ;
Tired cloudlets sleep along yon azure sea ;
Soft airs steal by, and whisper, faint and light,
Live and let be !

Live and let be ! Is it not well to rest
Sometimes from labor ? live as do the
flowers ?

Bask in the sunshine, lie on Nature's breast,
Not counting hours ?

Not heeding aught but on the pale worn cheek
To feel the warm breath of the murmuring
pine,
And watch on many a rose-flushed hoary peak
Heaven's glory shine ?

Is it not well ? Sweet, too, at wondering eve
To list that melody of tinkling bells,
And hear old Echo in her distance weave
Endless farewells !

Night, too, hath here her music, deep and
strong,
Of cataracts, solemn as an ancient psalm,
Whence the soul's fever, born in heat and
throng,

Grows cool and calm.

Live and let be ! It will be time enough
Hereafter to resume the great world's care,
When autumn's skies are troubled, winds are
rough,

And trees are bare.

Then to renew the fight, the cause awaken,
Dare all the strife, the burden, and the pain,
Rally the weak ; the downcast, the forsaken,
Lift up again !

And what thou doest then, in peace begotten,
Shall show like peace, her looks and tones
recall,
And, all the frail and faulty past forgotten,
Bring good to all.

Till then let nothing past or future vex
The untrammel'd soul, 'mid Nature's free-
dom free
From thoughts that darken, questions that
perplex ;

Live and let be !

Spectator.

A. G. B.

WRITTEN FOR ONE IN SORE PAIN AND
SICKNESS.

SHEPHERD, on before thy sheep,
Hear thy lamb that bleats behind !
Scarce the track I stumbling keep ;
Sore I shiver in the wind.

Turn and see me, Son of Man !
Turn and lift thy Father's child !
Scarce I walk where once I ran ;
Carry me — the wind is wild.

Thou hast strength enough to share ;
My poor weight thou wilt not feel ;
Weakness made thee strong to bear,
Suffering made thee strong to heal.

I were still a wandering sheep
But for thee, oh Shepherd man !
Following now, I faint, I weep,
Yet I follow as I can.

Master, if I fall, and lie
Moaning in the frosty wind,
Yet I know I shall not die —
Thou wilt miss me, and wilt find !
GEORGE MACDONALD.

Sunday Magazine.

PRINCE LUCIFER.

AN EPITAPH.

In caelo quies — he is gone,
Who on the gods warr'd long ago :
O requiescat ! — Fairies strow
Poor Goblin's grave, nor leap thereon !
Great Lucifer, the Wily-One,
Who lied on earth now lies below :
Nay, saint or sinner, sigh not so,
His death's the true eirenikon.

Mephisto — thus the moderns dub
Him who was once Beelzebub —
Here lies who was himself a lie :
For he by Terror was begot,
Yet never was and now is not —
Grim shadow of a shade gone by.

Academy.

SAMUEL WADDINGTON.

From The Nineteenth Century.

PASTEUR AND HYDROPHOBIA.

THE public has very naturally and very rightly shown deep interest in the investigations into the nature and possible cure of hydrophobia now being conducted by the great French naturalist, Louis Pasteur. Those investigations not only have a special value on account of the terrible nature of the malady which there is good reason to believe will be brought within the range of curative treatment as a consequence of their prosecution, but also are of extreme interest to those engaged in the task of ascertaining the laws of natural phenomena, and to all who wish to understand the methods by which a great discoverer in science arrives at his results.

M. Pasteur is no ordinary man; he is one of the rare individuals who must be described by the term "genius." Having commenced his scientific career and attained great distinction as a chemist, M. Pasteur was led by his study of the chemical process of fermentations to give his attention to the phenomena of disease in living bodies resembling fermentations. Owing to a singular and fortunate mental characteristic he has been able not simply to pursue a rigid path of investigation dictated by the logical or natural connection of the phenomena investigated, but deliberately to select for inquiry matters of the most profound importance to the community, and to bring his inquiries to a successful practical issue in a large number of instances. Thus he has saved the silk-worm industry of France and Italy from destruction, he has taught the French wine-makers to mature quickly their wine, he has effected an enormous improvement and economy in the manufacture of beer, he has rescued the sheep and cattle of Europe from the fatal disease "anthrax," and it is probable — he would not himself assert that it is at present more than probable — that he has rendered hydrophobia a thing of the past. The discoveries made by this remarkable man would have rendered him, had he patented their application and disposed of them according to commercial principles, the richest man in the world. They represent a gain

of some millions sterling annually to the community. It is right for those who desire that increased support for scientific investigation should be afforded by the governments of civilized States to point with emphasis to the definite utility and pecuniary value of M. Pasteur's work; because it is only in rare instances that the discovery of new knowledge and the practical application of that knowledge go hand in hand. M. Pasteur has afforded several of these rare instances. They should enable the public and our statesmen to believe in the value of scientific investigation even when it is not immediately followed by practical commercial results. These discoveries should excite in the minds of all those devoted to scientific research the profoundest gratitude towards M. Pasteur, since, by the direct practical application which his genius has enabled him to give to the results of his inquiries, he has done more than any living man to enable the unlearned to arrive at a conception of the possible value of the vast mass of scientific results — items of new knowledge — which must be continually gathered by less gifted individuals and stored for the future use of inventors and of those doubly gifted men who, like M. Pasteur, are at once discoverers and inventors — discoverers of a scientific principle and inventors of its application to human requirements.

M. Pasteur's first experiment in relation to hydrophobia was made in December, 1880, when he inoculated two rabbits with the mucus from the mouth of a child which had died of that disease. As his inquiries extended he found that it was necessary to establish by means of experiment even the most elementary facts with regard to the disease, for the existing knowledge on the subject was extremely small, and much of what passed for knowledge was only ill founded tradition.

So little was hydrophobia understood, and to so small an extent had it been studied, previously to M. Pasteur's investigations, that it was regarded by a certain number of highly competent physicians and physiologists (although this was

not the general view) as a condition of the nervous system brought about by the infliction of a punctured inflammatory wound in which the action of a specific virus or poison took no part; it was, in fact, by some physicians regarded as a variety of lock-jaw or *tetanus*.

The number of cases of hydrophobia reported in England, France, Germany, and Austria has varied a good deal each year since the time when statistics of disease were instituted by the governments of these several countries; but its occurrence is sufficiently frequent at certain periods to excite the greatest anxiety and alarm. In England as many as thirty-six persons died from the disease in 1866; in France two hundred and eighty-eight persons were its victims in 1858, and in Prussia and Austria it is more frequent than in England.

The general belief, both among medical men and veterinary surgeons, as well as the public, has been that the condition known as hydrophobia in man does not follow from any ordinary bite or injury, but that in order to produce it the human subject must be bitten by a dog, wolf, pig, or other animal which is suffering from a well-marked disease known as "rabies." What it is which starts rabies amongst dogs is not known, and has not even been guessed at, but the condition so named is communicated by "rabid" or "mad" dogs to other dogs, to pigs, to cattle, and to horses, and to all warm-blooded animals — even birds. Any animal so infected is capable by its bite of communicating the disease to other healthy animals. Rabies in a dog is recognized without difficulty by the skilled veterinarian. The disease has two varieties, known as "dumb madness" and "raving madness;" and it is held by veterinarians to have two modes of origin — viz., spontaneous, and as the result of infection from another rabid animal. It is quite permissible to doubt the spontaneous generation of rabies in any given case, although it must be admitted that the disease had a beginning, and that it is not improbable that whatever conditions favored its first origin are still in operation, and likely to result in a renewed creation of the disease from time

to time. The disease was well known in classical antiquity, and is of world-wide distribution, occurring both in the tropics and in the arctic regions, though much commoner in temperate regions than in either of the extremes of climate. There are some striking cases of certain well-peopled regions of the earth's surface in which it is at present unknown; no case appears to be on record of its occurrence in Australia, Tasmania, or New Zealand. It is a mistake to suppose that the disease is commoner in very hot weather than in cooler weather, or that great cold favors it. Climate, in fact, appears to have nothing to do with it, or rather, it should be said, is not shown to have anything to do with it.

Professor Fleming, in his admirable treatise on rabies and hydrophobia (London, 1872), says:—

It is a great and dangerous error to suppose that the disease (in the dog) commences with signs of raging madness, and that the earliest phase of the malady is ushered in with fury and destruction. The first perceptible or initial symptoms of rabies in the dog are related to its habits. A change is observed in the animal's aspect, behavior, and external characteristics. The habits of the creature are anomalous and strange. It becomes dull, gloomy, and taciturn; seeks to isolate itself, and chooses solitude and obscurity—hiding in out-of-the-way places, or retiring below chairs and other pieces of furniture; whereas in health it may have been lively, good-natured, and sociable. But in its retirement it cannot rest; it is uneasy and fidgety, and betrays an unmistakable state of *malaise*; no sooner has it lain down and gathered itself together in the usual fashion of a dog reposing than all at once it jumps up in an agitated manner, walks hither and thither several times, again lies down, and assumes a sleeping attitude, but has only maintained it for a few minutes when it is once more moving about, "seeking rest but finding none." Then it retires to its obscure corner—to the deepest recess it can find—and huddles itself up in a heap, with its head concealed beneath its chest and its fore paws. This state of continual agitation and inquietude is in striking contrast with its ordinary habits, and should, therefore, attract the attention of mindful people. Not unfrequently there are a few moments when the creature appears more lively than usual, and displays

an extraordinary amount of affection. Sometimes in pet dogs there is evinced a disposition to gather up small objects, such as straws, threads, bits of wood, etc., which are industriously picked up and carried away. A tendency to lick anything cold, as iron, stones, etc., is also observed in many instances. At this period no propensity to bite is observed; the animal is docile with its master, and obeys his voice, though not so readily as before, nor with the same pleased countenance. If it shakes its tail the act is more slowly performed than usual, and there is something strange in the expression of the face; the voice of its master can scarcely change it for a few seconds from a sullen gloominess to its ordinary animated aspect; and when no longer influenced by the familiar talk or presence it returns to its sad thoughts, for—as has been well and truthfully said by Bouley—"the dog thinks and has its own ideas, which for dogs' ideas are, from its point of view, very good ideas when it is well."

The animal's movements, attitudes, and gestures now seem to indicate that it is haunted by and sees phantoms; it snaps at nothing and barks as if attacked by real enemies. Its appearance is altered; it has a gloomy and somewhat ferocious aspect.

In this condition, however, it is not aggressive so far as mankind is concerned, but is as docile and obedient to its master as before. It may even appear to be more affectionate towards those it knows, and this it manifests by the greater desire to lick their hands and faces.

This affection, which is always so marked and so enduring in a dog, dominates it so strongly in rabies that it will not injure those it loves, not even in a paroxysm of madness; and even when its ferocious instincts are beginning to be manifested, and to gain the supremacy over it, it will yet yield obedience to those to whom it has been accustomed.

The mad dog has not a dread of water, but, on the contrary, will greedily swallow it. As long as it can drink it will satisfy its ever-ardent thirst; even when the spasms in its throat prevent it swallowing, it will nevertheless plunge its face deeply into the water and appear to gulp at it. The dog is, therefore, not hydrophobic, and hydrophobia is not a sign of madness in this animal.

It does not generally refuse food in the early period of the disease, but sometimes eats with more voracity than usual.

When the desire to bite, which is one of the essential characters of rabies at a certain stage, begins to manifest itself, the animal at

first attacks inert bodies—gnawing wood, leather, its chain, carpets, straw, hair, coals, earth, the excrement of other animals or even its own, and accumulates in the stomach the remains of all the substances it has been tearing with its teeth.

An abundance of saliva is not a constant symptom in rabies in the dog. Sometimes its mouth is humid, and sometimes it is dry. Before a fit of madness the secretion of saliva is normal; during this period it may be increased, but towards the end of the malady it is usually decreased.

The animal often expresses a sensation of inconvenience or pain during the spasm in its throat by using its paws on the side of its mouth, like a dog which has a bone lodged there.

In "dumb madness" the lower jaw is paralyzed and drops, leaving the mouth open and dry, and its lining membrane exhibiting a reddish-brown hue; the tongue is frequently brown or blue-colored, one or both eyes squint, and the creature is ordinarily helpless and not aggressive.

In some instances the rabid dog vomits a chocolate or blood-colored fluid.

The voice is always changed in tone, and the animal howls or barks in quite a different fashion from what it did in health. The sound is husky and jerking. In "dumb madness" this very important symptom is absent.

The sensibility of the rabid dog is greatly blunted when it is struck, burned or wounded; it emits no cry of pain or sign as when it suffers or is afraid in health. It will even sometimes wound itself severely with its teeth, and without attempting to hurt any person it knows.

The mad dog is always very much enraged at the sight of an animal of its own species. Even when the malady might be considered as yet in a latent condition, as soon as it sees another dog it shows this strange antipathy and appears desirous of attacking it. This is a most important indication.

It often flees from home when the ferocious instincts commence to gain an ascendancy, and after one, two, or three days' wanderings, during which it has tried to gratify its mad fancies on all the living creatures it has encountered, it often returns to its master to die. At other times it escapes in the night, and after doing as much damage as its violence prompts it to, it will return again towards morning. The distances a mad dog will travel, even in a short period, are sometimes very great.

The furious period of rabies is character-

ized by an expression of ferocity in the animal's physiognomy, and by the desire to bite whenever an opportunity offers. It always prefers to attack another dog, though other animals are also victims.

The paroxysms of fury are succeeded by periods of comparative calm, during which the appearance of the creature is liable to mislead the uninitiated as to the nature of the malady.

The mad dog usually attacks other creatures rather than man when at liberty. When exhausted by the paroxysms and contentions it has experienced, it runs in an unsteady manner, its tail pendent and head inclined towards the ground, its eyes wandering and frequently squinting, and its mouth open, with the bluish-colored tongue, soiled with dust, protruding.

In this condition it has no longer the violent aggressive tendencies of the previous stage, though it will yet bite every one—man or beast—that it can reach with its teeth, especially if irritated.

The mad dog that is not killed perishes from paralysis and asphyxia. To the last moment the terrible desire to bite is predominant, even when the poor creature is so prostrated as to appear to be transformed into an inert mass.

Such is the pathetic account of the features of this terrible malady as seen in man's faithful companion. Let us now for a moment look at the symptoms and course of the disease as exhibited in man—where it produces a condition so terrible and heart-rending to the on-looker that it becomes a matter of astonishment that mankind has ever ventured to incur the risk of acquiring this disease by voluntarily associating with the dog, and a matter of the most urgent desire that some great deliverer should arise and show us how to remove this awful thing from our midst.

In both the dog and man the disease is traced to the infliction of a bite or scratch at a more or less distant period by an animal already suffering from rabies. The length of time which may elapse between the bite and the first symptoms of rabies in the dog or of hydrophobia, as it is termed, when developed in man, varies. Briefly, it may be stated that the interval in the dog varies from seven to one hundred and fifty days, and is as often a longer as a shorter period. In man, on the other hand, two-thirds of the cases observed develop within five weeks of the infliction of the infecting bite; hydrophobia *may* show itself as early as the eighth day after the infection; it is very rare indeed, though not unknown, that this period of incubation is extended to a whole year. The reputed cases of an "incubation period" of two, five, or even ten years may be dismissed as altogether improbable and unsupported by evidence. The uncer-

tainty which this well known variation in the incubation period produces is one of the many distressing features of the disease in relation to man, for often the greatest mental torture is experienced during this delay in persons who after all have not been actually infected.

In many respects [says Professor Fleming] there is a striking similarity in the symptoms manifested in the hydrophobic patient and the rabid dog, while in others there is a wide dissimilarity. These resemblances and differences we will note as we proceed briefly to sketch the phenomena of the disease in our own species.

The period of incubation or latency has been already alluded to, and it has also been mentioned that not unfrequently in man and the dog the earliest indication of approaching indisposition is a sense of pain in or near the seat of the wound, extending towards the body, should the injury have been inflicted on the limbs. If not acute pain there is some unusual sensation, such as aching, tingling, burning, coldness, numbness, or stiffness in the cicatrix; which usually, in these circumstances, becomes of a red or lurid color, sometimes opens up, and if yet unhealed assumes an unhealthy appearance, discharging a thin ichorous fluid instead of pus. In a dog, as we have observed, the peculiar sensation in the seat of the inoculation has at times caused the animal to gnaw the part most severely.

With these local symptoms some general nervous disturbance is generally experienced. The patient becomes dejected, morose, irritable, and restless; he either does not suspect his complaint, or, if he remembers having been bitten, carefully avoids mentioning the circumstance, and searches for amusement away from home, or prefers solitude; bright and sudden light is disagreeable to him; his sleep is troubled, and he often starts up; pains are experienced in various parts of the body; and signs of digestive disorder are not unfrequent. After the continuance of one or more of these preliminary, or rather premonitory, symptoms for a period varying from a few hours to five or six days, and, though very rarely, without all or even many of them being observed, the patient becomes sensible of a stiffness or tightness about the throat, rigors supervene, and in attempting to swallow he experiences some difficulty, especially with liquids. This may be considered as really the commencement of the attack in man.

The difficulty in swallowing rapidly increases, and it is not long before the act becomes impossible, unless it is attempted with determination; though even then it excites the most painful spasms in the back of the throat, with other indescribable sensations, all of which appeal to the patient, and cause him to dread the very thought of liquids. Singular nervous paroxysms or tremblings become manifest, and sensations of stricture or oppression are felt about the throat and chest. The breathing is

painful and embarrassed, and interrupted with frequent sighs or a peculiar kind of sobbing movement; and there is a sense of impending suffocation and of necessity for fresh air. Indeed, the most marked symptoms consist in a horribly violent convulsion or spasm of the muscles of the larynx and gullet, by which swallowing is prevented, and at the same time the entrance of air to the windpipe is greatly retarded. Shuddering tremors, sometimes almost amounting to general convulsions, run through the whole frame; and a fearful expression of anxiety, terror, or despair is depicted on the countenance.

The paroxysms are brought on by the slightest causes, and are frequently associated with an attempt to swallow liquids, or with the recollection of the sufferings experienced in former attempts. Hence anything which suggests the idea of drinking to the patient will throw him into the most painful agitation and convulsive spasms. . . . This is particularly observed when the patient carries water to his lips; then he is seized with the terrors characteristic of the disease, and with those convulsions of the face and the whole of the body which make so deep an impression on the bystanders. He is perfectly rational, feels thirsty, tries to drink, but the liquid has no sooner touched his lips than he draws back in terror, and sometimes exclaims that he cannot drink; his face expresses pain, his eyes are fixed, and his features contracted; his limbs shake and body trembles. The paroxysm lasts a few seconds, and then he gradually becomes tranquil; but the least touch, nay, mere vibration of the air, is enough to bring on a fresh attack—so acute is the sensibility of the skin in some instances. . . . A special difference between rabies and hydrophobia is the frequent dread of water in the latter, as well as the hyperæsthesia of the skin and exaltation of the other senses. . . . Another characteristic feature of the disease in man is a copious secretion of viscid, tenacious mucus in the fauces, the "hydrophobic slaver;" this the patient spits out with a sort of vehemence and rapidity upon everything around him, as if the idea of swallowing occasioned by the liquid induced this eager expulsion of it, lest a drop might pass down the throat. This to a bystander is sometimes one of the most striking phenomena of the case. . . . The mind is sometimes calm and collected in the intervals between the paroxysms, and consciousness is generally retained; but in most cases there is more or less irregularity, incessant talking, excitement, and occasionally fits approaching to insanity come on. The mental aberration is often exhibited in groundless suspicion or apprehension of something extraneous, which is expressed on the face and in the manner of the patient. In comparatively rare instances he gives way to a wild fury, like that of a dog in one of its fits of rabies; he roars, howls, curses, strikes at persons near him, rends or breaks everything within his reach, bites others or himself, till, at length exhausted, he sinks into

a gloomy, listless dejection, from which another paroxysm rouses him. . . . Paralytic symptoms manifest themselves before death in a few instances, as in the dog. . . . Remissions of the symptoms sometimes occur in the course of the complaint, during which the patient can drink, though with some difficulty, and take food. Towards the close such a remission is not uncommon, with an almost complete absence of the painful symptoms; so that the patient and the physician begin to entertain some hope. But if the pulse is now felt it is found to be extremely feeble, and sometimes almost, if not quite, imperceptible. During this apparent relaxation of the disease the patient occasionally falls into a sleep, from which he only awakes to die.

Death results from spasm of the respiratory muscles, the patient dying asphyxiated. The desire to bite is rare. The disease invariably, as in the dog and other animals, terminates fatally, and usually between the second and fifth day after the symptoms have been first observed, though it sometimes runs on to the ninth day.

It is held by veterinaries that rabies in a dog is invariably fatal, and one test of the presence of the disease is a fatal termination to the symptoms. Inasmuch as it is very usual to kill dogs suspected of rabies without waiting actually to prove that they suffer from this disease, and further, inasmuch as dogs not suffering from rabies are nevertheless frequently savage or snappish and bite human beings, thus leading to the assumption that the person bitten has incurred the risk of developing hydrophobia, there is necessarily a complete absence of trustworthy statistical information as to (1) the actual number of dogs annually affected with rabies in any given country, and (2) as to the number of persons effectively bitten by really rabid dogs, who acquire hydrophobia as a consequence. The dogs are killed before it is proved that they suffer from rabies, and the human beings bitten are treated by caustics and excision of injured surfaces before it is proved that they really are in danger of developing hydrophobia, and it is not known in case of escape whether the danger was ever really incurred. The extreme anxiety to avoid the awful consequences not unfrequently following the bite of a rabid dog has produced a course of action which, whilst it is undoubtedly accompanied by the destruction of many innocent dogs, and by the infliction of acute pain and mental anguish upon human beings, who, could they know the truth, have no cause for alarm, has also at the same time necessarily prevented the acquisition of accu-

rate knowledge with regard to the disease in important respects, especially as to the conditions of its communication from dog to man. Accordingly, we find great uncertainty as to the conclusions which are to be drawn from statistics in regard to the effect on human beings of the bites of dogs suffering from rabies. According to the lowest estimate where care has been taken to exclude cases in which there is insufficient reason for supposing the offending dog to have suffered from rabies, of every *six* persons bitten, *one* dies—that is to say, *one* develops hydrophobia; for recovery after the development of the hitherto recognized symptoms of hydrophobia is unknown. This is a mortality of 16.66 per cent.; other estimates range from 15 to 25 per cent. The large proportion of escapes as compared with deaths is attributed to the wounds inflicted not having been sufficiently deep to introduce the poison into the system, also to timely surgical treatment having the same effect, and to the fact that the dog, in spite of probabilities to the contrary, may in a certain proportion of cases have been wrongly suspected of suffering from rabies.

At the same time there is no doubt that animals (and hence presumably man) are sometimes endowed with an immunity from rabies. This has been proved experimentally by repeatedly inoculating a dog with the saliva of rabid dogs which proved fatal to other individuals which were experimented upon at the same time, whilst the particular dog in question always proved refractory or non-labile to the disease. No estimate has been at present formed of the proportion of dogs which are thus free from liability to the disease, but it must be very small, perhaps not one per cent. On the other hand, it is undeniable that there is a high probability that such immunity exists among human beings, and it is possible that the proportion of individuals liable to the infection as compared with those *immune*, "refractory," or "non-labile," is less amongst human beings than among dogs. Such a constitutional immunity may, therefore, possibly explain to a certain extent the fact that out of one hundred cases of dog-bite, the dog being supposed, but not demonstrated, to be rabid, only sixteen acquire hydrophobia.

The result of M. Pasteur's experimental study of rabies and hydrophobia has been so far to place several matters of practical

importance, which were previously liable to be dealt with by vague guesses and general impression in the position of facts capable of accurate experimental determination; and secondly, to introduce a method of treating animals and men infected with the poison of rabies in a way which, there is strong evidence to show, will arrest or altogether prevent the development of the disease.

Owing to the eagerness of newspaper correspondents, and the peculiar circumstances of the investigation which is still actually in progress, M. Pasteur's work has been not quite fairly represented to the public, and various astonishing criticisms and expressions of individual opinion have been indulged in, with regard to what M. Pasteur is doing, by persons who, however gifted, have no adequate comprehension of the task which the great experimenter has set before himself.

It must be distinctly remembered, on the one hand, that the results which M. Pasteur has himself published, and for which he has made himself responsible, have been obtained by accurate and demonstrative experiments upon animals; they are results which can be repeated and verified. On the other hand, M. Pasteur has now advanced into a much more difficult field—namely, the application of his experimentally ascertained results to the treatment of human beings. He is actually in course of carrying out his inquiries in regard to the efficacy of his treatment, and it is probable that at no distant date he will himself give us a detailed account of the conclusions to which these inquiries lead. But he has not yet formulated any such conclusion.

We cannot and have not the remotest desire to experiment upon human beings, as in the more enlightened parts of Europe we are permitted, for good purposes, to experiment upon dogs. It is not possible exactly to arrange experimentally the conditions of a human being who is to be the subject of inquiry in regard to hydrophobia. You cannot make sure by the inoculation in the most effective way of a dozen healthy men that they have started on the path leading to hydrophobia, and then treat six by a remedial process, and leave six without such treatment, in order to see whether the remedial process has an effect or not. This is the kind of difficulty which is met with in all attempts to take a step forward in medical treatment. Nevertheless, although such definite experimental arrangement of the

subject of inquiry is not possible where human beings are concerned, there is another method—extremely laborious, and less decisive in the results which it affords—by which a more or less probable conclusion may be arrived at in regard to the effect of treatment of diseased human beings. This method consists in bringing together for experimental treatment a very large number—some thousands—of cases in which the disease under investigation has, independently of the experimenter, been acquired, or is supposed to have been acquired, and then to compare the proportion of cases of recovery obtained under the new treatment with the proportion of recoveries in cases not subjected to this treatment.

Hydrophobia presents peculiar difficulties in the application of this method, and the treatment which M. Pasteur is now testing is also one which in its essence renders the statistical method difficult of application. M. Pasteur's treatment has to be applied *before* the definite symptoms of hydrophobia have developed in the patient. Accordingly, there is no certain indication in the patient himself that he has really been infected by the virus of rabies; the inference that he has been so infected is based on the knowledge of the condition of the dog that bit the patient, and on the extent of the injury inflicted; but the knowledge of the actual state of the dog which inflicted the bite upon a person who, therefore, has reason to fear an attack of hydrophobia is often wanting. It is often merely feared or supposed that the dog was rabid, and has not been actually proved that such was the case. In many cases the only proof that the dog really was rabid would be found in the development of hydrophobia in the man bitten by the dog, the dog itself having been destroyed. This, too, would be the only definite proof possible that the patient had received a sufficiently profound wound to carry the poison into the system, or, again, that the patient is not naturally *immune*, or refractory to the poison. Accordingly, it has been necessary for M. Pasteur to test his treatment upon a very large number of cases, so as to obtain a statistical result which may be compared with the general statistics of the effects following the bite of reputed rabid dogs. Also, it is possible out of a large number of cases for M. Pasteur to select, without any other determining motive, those cases in which the dog which inflicted the bite was actually proved to be suffering from rabies,

either by the result of its bite on other individuals, or by experiment made by inoculating other animals from it after its death. Such a selection of his cases has, it is stated, already been made by M. Pasteur. We have yet to await from M. Pasteur's own hand a critical account of the results obtained in the wholesale treatment of patients by him in Paris. Until he has himself published that account, we ought to be very careful about coming to an absolute conclusion either for or against the efficacy of his treatment *in regard to men*.

On the other hand, the fundamental results of his study of rabies and hydrophobia stand in no such position, but are sharp, experimental demonstrations, which he has publicly announced before the scientific world, and has verified in the most important instance before a commission appointed by the government.

Let us note some of these results.* They have been obtained by experimentally inoculating dogs, rabbits, guinea-pigs, and monkeys. The experiments have been performed by M. Pasteur himself and his experienced and highly skilled assistants, M.M. Chamberland and Roux. Precautions which a thorough knowledge of the subject suggested have been taken. Thus, for instance, in his very first experiments, M. Pasteur cleared the ground considerably by distinguishing a kind of blood-poisoning, due to the presence of a certain bacterium in human saliva, which is liable to be introduced with the saliva of a hydrophobic patient when this is made use of for the purpose of setting up rabies experimentally in a rabbit, and is also present in normal saliva. Not feeling sure that some rabbits thus treated had really died from rabies, and suspecting that they might have died from a blood-poisoning due to other virus present in the hydrophobic saliva, M. Pasteur tested his rabbits by inoculating dogs with the saliva and blood of the rabbits. The dogs did not develop rabies, and thus M. Pasteur was able to establish the conclusion confirmed by other observations—that the disease produced in this instance by the inoculation of the rabbits with saliva was not rabies. This is merely an example of the careful method in which it is M. Pasteur's habit to correct and build up solidly his conclusions.

The first result of great practical mo-

* I am indebted to an excellent report by my friend Dr. Vignal, of the Collège de France, published in the *British Medical Journal*, for the chief facts relative to M. Pasteur's published results.

ment established by M. Pasteur is that not only, as shown by previous experimenters, can rabies be communicated from animal to animal by the introduction of the saliva of a rabid animal into the loose tissue beneath the skin of a healthy animal, or by injection of the same into the veins of a healthy animal, but that the virus, or poison, which carries the disease resides in its most active form in the nervous tissue of a rabid animal, and that the most certain method of communicating rabies from one animal to another is to introduce a piece of the spinal cord or of a large nerve of a rabid animal on to the surface of the brain of a healthy animal, the operation of exposing the brain being performed with the most careful antiseptic methods, so as to prevent blood-poisoning.

In this way Pasteur found that he could avoid the complications which sometimes result from the presence of undesired poisonous matters — not related to rabies — in the saliva of rabid animals.

This discovery is the starting-point of all Pasteur's further work. It enabled him to experiment with sufficient certainty as to results. It has rendered it possible for him to determine whether a dog is really affected with rabies or not, by killing it and inoculating the brain of a second dog with the spinal cord of a dead dog, and similarly to determine whether a human being has really died of hydrophobia (*rabies hominis*) or not. It has also enabled him to propagate with certainty the disease from rabbit to rabbit through ninety successive individuals — extending over a period of three years — and to experiment on the result of varying the quantity of virus introduced as well as on the result of passing the virus from one species of animal to another, and back again to the first species (*e.g.*, rabbit as the first and monkey as the second species). Before Pasteur's time Rossi, confirmed by Hertwig, had used nerve tissue for inoculation with less definite results. Pasteur has the merit of establishing this method as the really efficient one in experimenting on the transmission of rabies.

Using the nerve tissue, Pasteur has determined by several experiments that when a large quantity of virus (that is to say, of the medulla oblongata of a rabid rabbit pounded up in a perfectly neutral or sterilized broth) is injected into the veins of a dog, the incubation period is seven or eight days; by using a smaller quantity he obtained an incubation period

of twenty days, and by using a yet smaller quantity one of thirty-eight days. It is very important to note that by using a still smaller dose Pasteur found that the dog so treated escaped the effect of the poison altogether.

A very interesting and important result is that in the cases in which the largest amount of poison was used, and the quickest development of the disease followed, the form which the disease took was that of paralytic or dumb rabies, in which the animal neither barks nor bites; whilst with the smaller dose of poison and longer incubation period furious rabies was developed. Moreover, by directly inoculating on the surface of the brain and spinal cord, Pasteur has been led to the conclusion that the nature of the attack can be varied by the part of the central nervous system which is selected as the seat of inoculation.

Certain theories which have been held as to the mode in which inoculation with the attenuated virus of such diseases as small-pox and anthrax acts, so as to protect an animal from the effect of subsequent exposure to the full strength of the poison, might lead us to expect that the dogs which were inoculated by M. Pasteur with a quantity of rabid virus just small enough to fail in producing the symptoms of rabies would be "protected" by that treatment from the injurious effects of subsequent inoculation with a full dose. This, however, Pasteur found was *not* the case. Such dogs, when subsequently inoculated with a full dose, develop rabies in the usual way.

When the virus of rabies is introduced from a dog into a rabbit, and is cultivated through a series of rabbits by inoculating the brain with a piece of the spinal cord of a rabid animal, Pasteur has found that the virulence of the poison is increased. The incubation period becomes shorter, being at first about fifteen days. After being transmitted from rabbit to rabbit through a series of twenty-five individuals, the period of incubation becomes reduced to eight days, and the virulence of the poison is proportionately increased. After a further transmission through twenty-five individuals, the incubation period is reduced to seven days, and after forty more transmissions Pasteur finds an indication of a further shortening of the incubation period, and a proportionate increase of virulence in the spinal cord of the rabbit extracted after death and used for inoculating other animals. Thus Pasteur found it possible to

have at his disposal simultaneously rabid virus of different degrees of activity.

It is curious that Pasteur found, on the other hand, that the virus from a rabid dog, when transmitted from individual to individual through a series of monkeys, gradually lost its activity, so that after passing through twenty (?) monkeys it became incapable of producing rabies in dogs. Thus a portion of the spinal cord of such a monkey, itself dead of rabies, when pounded in broth and injected beneath the skin of a dog, failed to produce rabies, and even when applied to the dog's brain after trephining failed to produce rabies.

Pasteur makes the very important statement that the dogs thus treated with the virus which had been weakened by cultivation in monkeys, although they did not develop any symptoms of rabies, were rendered refractory to subsequent inoculations with strong virus — that is, were protected.

Thus we note a contrast between the effects obtained by inoculating an animal with a virus weakened by cultivation and those resulting from using a minute quantity of the virus. The latter proceeding does not result in protection, but the former does.

The fresh spinal cord of an animal that has died of rabies is apparently full of the rabid virus, and it will, if kept so as to prohibit putrefaction, retain for some days its rabies-producing property. Nevertheless it gradually, without any putrefactive change, loses, according to Pasteur's observations, its virulence, which finally disappears altogether. So that it is possible to obtain cord of a very low degree of virulence, and all intermediate stages leading up to the most active, by the simple process of suspending a series of cords at definite intervals of time in glass jars containing dry air.

There are thus two ways of bringing the virus of rabies taken from a dog into a condition of diminished activity — the one by cultivation in monkeys or some other animal, the other by exposing the spinal cord to dry air whilst preventing it from putrefying.

It was found by Pasteur that dogs inoculated with the virus weakened by cultivation in monkeys were protected from the effects of subsequent inoculation with strong virus. Hence he proceeded to experiment in the direction so indicated. He inoculated dogs with a very weak virus taken from a rabbit — that is, a virus having a long incubation period — and at the

same time he inoculated also a rabbit. When the second rabbit went mad and died, the dogs were again inoculated from it, and a third rabbit was also inoculated from it. When this rabbit died process was repeated with the dogs and with a fourth rabbit, and so on until the virus had become (as above stated to be the case) greatly increased in activity, its incubation period being reduced to eight days. The dogs were not rendered rabid by the first inoculations; they certainly would have been by the last, had they not undergone the earlier. The harmless virus rendered the dogs insusceptible to the rabies-producing quality of the second dose introduced, the second did the same for the third, the third for the fourth, and so on until the dogs were able to withstand the strongest virus.

It would seem that this method of using a graduated series of poisons was not intentional on Pasteur's part at first, but merely arose from the convenience of the arrangement, since the effect of the previous inoculation could be tested and a new inoculation to act as a preventive could be made at one and the same time. Nevertheless Pasteur has retained, for reasons which it is possible to imagine but have not been given as yet by him, this method of repeated doses of graduated increasing strength in his subsequent treatment.

In 1884 a commission was appointed at M. Pasteur's request by the minister of public instruction to examine the results so far obtained by him in regard to a treatment by which dogs could be rendered refractory to rabies. The commission comprised some of the ablest physiologists in France; it consisted of MM. Béclard, Paul Bert, Bouley (the celebrated veterinarian), Tisserand, Villemin, and Vulpian. Their report contained the following statement: —

The results observed by the Commission may be thus summarized. Nineteen control dogs (*i.e.*, ordinary dogs not treated by Pasteur) were experimented on. Among six of these bitten by mad dogs, three were seized with rabies. There were six cases of rabies among eight of them subjected to venous inoculations, and five cases of rabies among five which were inoculated by trephining on the brain. The twenty-three dogs treated (by Pasteur) and then tested all escaped rabies.*

* I have ascertained that of these twenty-three dogs some had been already treated by Pasteur before the appointment of the commission, and a minority were treated by him for the first time in the presence of the commission. Ten of these dogs are still in M. Pasteur's hands, and have been inoculated three times on the

Subsequently to the experiments witnessed by the commission M. Pasteur carried out experiments in which, instead of using virus of increasing strength taken from living rabbits, he made use of the fact discovered by him that the spinal cord of a rabid animal when preserved in dry air retains its virulent property for several days, whilst the intensity of the virulence gradually diminishes. Pasteur used for this purpose cords of rabbits affected with rabies of great virulence, determined by a long series of transmissions, and having only an eight days' incubation period. He injected a dog on the first day with a cord which, when fresh, was highly virulent, but had been kept for ten days, and hence was incapable of starting rabies in the dog; on the second day he used a cord kept for nine days, on the third day a cord kept for eight days, and so on until on the tenth day a cord kept for only one day was used. This was found to cause rabies in a dog not previously treated, and yet had no such effect on the dog subjected to the previous series of inoculations. The dog had been rendered refractory to rabies. In this way M. Pasteur states that he rendered fifty dogs of all ages and races refractory to (or protected against) rabies *without one failure*. Virus was inoculated under the skin and even on the surface of the brain after trephining, and rabies was not contracted in a single case.

Why M. Pasteur makes use of a gradually increasing strength of virus, or how he supposes this treatment to act so as to give the remarkable result of protection, he has not explained. The experimenter very probably has his own theory on the subject, which guides him in his work; but whilst he is still experimenting and observing he does not commit himself to an explanation of the results obtained. We may look in the future for a full consideration of the subject and a definite statement of the evidence at his hands. Meanwhile, it must be remembered that the notes published by M. Pasteur are, as it were, bulletins from the field of battle, briefly announcing failures and successes, and are not to be regarded as a history of the campaign or a statement of its scheme and final result.

Having arrived at this point in his experimental results, M. Pasteur was pre-

surface of the brain with rabid virus; not one has developed rabies.

pared to venture on to the far more delicate ground of treatment of human beings who had incurred the risk of hydrophobia.

The period of incubation of hydrophobia being usually four or five weeks, it seemed to M. Pasteur not impossible that he might succeed by the method which he had carried out in dogs in rapidly producing in human subjects a state of refractoriness to the poison of rabies by using a virus of rapid activity, and so, as it were, overtake the more slowly acting virus injected into the system by the bite of a mad dog.

Whatever may have been his theoretical conceptions, M. Pasteur determined to have recourse to the one great and fertile source of new knowledge — experiment.

It is known that inoculation with vaccine virus during the latent period of small-pox has an effect in modifying the disease in a favorable direction, and so in any case it was to be expected that the inoculation of individuals during the latent period of hydrophobia might produce favorable results. M. Pasteur had every reason to believe that, at any rate, the inoculation which he proposed would not have injurious results. He could proceed to the trial with a clear conscience, feeling sure that he was in any case giving the bitten person a better chance of recovery than he would have if left untreated.

The first human being treated by Pasteur was the child Joseph Meister, who was sent from Alsace by Dr. Weber and arrived in M. Pasteur's laboratory on the 6th of July, 1885. This child had been bitten a few days previously in fourteen different places, by a mad dog, on the hands, legs, and thighs. MM. Vulpian and Grancher, two eminent physicians, considered Meister to be almost certain to die of hydrophobia. M. Pasteur determined to treat the child by the method of daily injection of the virus of a series of rabbits' spinal cords, beginning with one kept so long as to be ineffective in the production of rabies even in rabbits, and ending with one so virulent as to produce rabies in a large dog in eight days.

On the 6th of July, 1885, M. Pasteur inoculated Joseph Meister, under the skin, with a Pravaz's syringe half full of sterilized broth (this is used merely as a diluent), mixed with a fragment of rabid spinal cord taken from a rabbit which had died on the 21st of June. The cord had since that date been kept in a jar containing dry air — that is, fifteen days. On the following days, Meister was inoculated with

spinal cord from rabid rabbits kept for a less period. On the 7th of July, in the morning with cord of fourteen days; in the evening with cord of twelve days; on the 8th of July, in the morning with cord of eleven days, in the evening with cord of nine days; on the 9th of July, with cord of eight days; on the 10th of July, with cord of seven days; on the 11th of July, with cord of six days; on the 12th of July, with cord of five days; on the 13th of July, with cord of four days; on the 14th of July, with cord of three days; on the 15th of July, with cord of two days; on the 16th of July with cord of one day. The fluid used for the last inoculation was of a very virulent character. It was tested and found to produce rabies in rabbits with an incubation period of seven days; and in a normal healthy dog it produced rabies with an incubation period of ten days.

It is now twelve months since Joseph Meister was bitten by the mad dog, and he is in perfect health. Even if we set aside the original infection from the mad dog, we have the immensely important fact that he has been subjected to the inoculation of strong rabid virus by M. Pasteur and has proved entirely insusceptible to any injurious effects, such as it could and did produce in a powerful dog.

M. Pasteur now proceeded, immediately after Meister's case, to apply his method to as many persons as possible who had reason to believe that they had been infected by the virus of a mad dog or other rabid animal. It must be remembered that Pasteur does not attempt to treat a case in which hydrophobia has actually made its appearance, and that he would desire to begin his treatment as soon after the infection or bite as possible; the later the date to which the treatment is deferred, the less is the chance — naturally enough — of its proving effective. He now omits the first three inoculations of weakest quality used in the case of Joseph Meister, and makes only ten inoculations (beneath the skin on the abdomen), one every day for ten days, the strength of the virus being increased as above explained. Probably, Pasteur is varying and improving his method in regard to certain details. He himself has made no statement of a conclusive nature during the year. He is observing and collecting his facts. But Dr. Grancher, who is at present Pasteur's chief assistant in carrying on the inoculations of human patients, has recently published a rough analysis of the cases treated.

It appears that between the 6th of July,

1885, and the 10th of June, 1886, the number of patients treated by Pasteur's method was 1,335. In order to eliminate cases of which the final issue is uncertain, Dr. Grancher omits those treated subsequently to the 22nd of April, 1886. Of the cases treated within the period thus defined, there were ninety-six in which the patients had been bitten by dogs which were absolutely demonstrated to be suffering from rabies. This demonstration was afforded either by the fact that other animals bitten by them became rabid, or by an experiment in which a portion of the dog's brain being placed in contact with the brain of a living rabbit was found to cause the death of that rabbit with indisputable symptoms of rabies. A second class of cases were those of persons who were bitten by dogs certified to be rabid by the veterinary practitioners of the locality in which the bite took place. Of these there were 644. Lastly, there were 232 cases in which the dog which had inflicted the bite had run off and not been seen again, leaving it entirely doubtful as to whether the dog had really been rabid or not.

For the purpose of judging of the efficacy of Pasteur's method the last group of cases should be put aside altogether. In the first two classes there are 740 cases. These we can compare with the most carefully formed conclusions as to the result of bites of rabid dogs when Pasteur's treatment has not been adopted. In the first part of this article it was stated that the inquiries of the most experienced veterinarians lead to the conclusion that 16 per cent. of human beings who are bitten by dogs which are certified to be rabid by veterinary surgeons skilled in that disease, develop hydrophobia and die. This estimate is a low one; by some authorities 25 per cent. has been regarded as nearer the true average. Taking the lower estimate, there should have died amongst Pasteur's 740 patients no less than 118.

What, then, is the difference resulting (so far as we can judge at present) from the application to these persons of Pasteur's method of treatment?

Instead of 118 deaths, there have been only 4, or a death-rate of one-half per cent. instead of 16 per cent. In less than one year, it seems, Pasteur has directly saved 114 lives. When we remember what a death it is from which apparently he has saved those hundred and more men, women, and children, who can measure the gratitude which is due to him or

the value of the studies which have led him to this result?

Nevertheless, let us be cautious. It is very natural that we should hasten to estimate the benefit which has been conferred on mankind by this discovery; on the other hand, the method of testing its value by comparative statistics is admittedly liable to error. Whilst the figures so far before us justify us in entertaining the most sanguine view, a longer series of cases will be needful, and *minute examination of each case*, before a final judgment can be pronounced. We have not before us at present the data for a more minute consideration of the separate cases. But one of the most hopeful features in M. Grancher's statement is that he records only one death out of the ninety-six persons who were bitten by dogs experimentally proved to be rabid — proved, that is, by the communication of rabies by the dogs to other animals.

Another extremely important series of cases is afforded by the forty-eight cases of wolf bites treated by Pasteur's method. Owing to the fact that the rabid wolf attacks the throat and face of the man upon whom it rushes, the virus is not cleared from its teeth by their passage through clothing, as undoubtedly occurs in many cases of rabid dogs' bite. It is probable that this, together with the greater depth and extent of the wounds inflicted by wolves, accounts for the fact that whilst only 16 per cent. of the persons bitten by rabid dogs die, as many as 66.5 per cent. of the persons bitten by rabid wolves have hitherto succumbed. Pasteur has reduced this percentage in the forty-eight cases of wolf bites treated by him to 1.4; seven of his cases died. But it is important to remember that some of these cases were treated a long while (three weeks or more) after the bite; and also that the bites themselves, apart from the virus introduced into them, were of a very dangerous nature in some cases. On the other hand, it is equally true that we do not know, until some very much more complete record is placed before us than we have at present, how many cases of very slight injury, mere nips or scratches, may have been included among the forty-eight cases of wolf-bite.

Pasteur is still observing; he himself has not pronounced his method to be final, nor that its efficacy is actually so great as the figures above given would seem to indicate. Time will show; meanwhile it is clear that the treatment is in itself harmless, and gives such reasonable

hope of benefit that the great experimenter is abundantly justified in allowing its fame to be spread through all lands, in order that it may be tried on as large a number of unfortunate victims of dog-bite as possible. It is also clear that there is not the slightest warrant for those who would pronounce an adverse judgment on Pasteur's treatment and compare him to the quacks who deal in "faith-healing" and such-like methods.

What is above all things desirable at the present moment is, that thorough and extended researches should be made by independent scientific experts in this country on the lines travelled over by M. Pasteur. This, alas! is impossible. Our laws place such impediments in the way of experiments upon animals, that even a rich man, were he capable, could not obtain the licenses necessary for the inquiry; and secondly, the men who are most likely to be capable of inquiring into the matter are not in a position to give up the whole of their time to it, and to pay competent assistants. No one in this country is given a salary by the State, and provided with laboratory and assistants, for the purpose of making such new knowledge as that by which Pasteur has brought the highest honor to France and inestimable blessing to mankind at large. On the other hand, it is in consequence and as the direct result of such a position that Pasteur has been able to develop his genius.

Pasteur himself has not explained what theory he has formed as to the actual nature of the virus of rabies, and as to the way in which his inoculations act, so as to protect an animal from the effects of the virus, even *after* the virus has been introduced into the system. Possibly he has no precise theory on the subject, but has arrived at his results by an unreasoned exploring method of experimentation. Such a method is not permissible to the ordinary man; but in the hands of a great thinker and experimentalist it sometimes leads to great results. Charles Darwin once spoke to the present writer of experiments, not dictated by any precise anticipation of a special result, but merely undertaken "to see in a general way what will happen," as "fool's experiments," and added that he was very fond of such "fool's experiments," and often made them. When the individual who occupies the place of the "fool" is a man saturated with minute knowledge of

the subject on which the experiment is to be tried, it is likely enough that, unconsciously, he frames hypotheses here and there without taking note of what is going on in his own mind, and so is unable to state clearly how he came to make trial of this or that experimental condition.

Whether Pasteur has worked in this way, trusting to the instinct due to his vast experience, or whether he has reasoned step by step, we do not know. It is nevertheless possible for the bystander to consider the various theories which may be regarded as tending to explain the results obtained by Pasteur in the cure of hydrophobia.

The general fact that the ill effects of some diseases due to specific virus or poisons can be averted by inoculating a patient with the virus in a *modified condition*—as, for instance, when vaccination is used as a preventive of small-pox in man—may be explained more or less satisfactorily by three different suppositions. The first supposition is that the virus is a living matter which grows and feeds when introduced into the body of the inoculated animal, and that *it exhausts the soil*—that is to say, uses up something in the blood necessary for the growth of the virus; accordingly, when the soil has been exhausted by a modified and mild variety of the virus, there is no opportunity for the more deadly virus, when it gains access, to feed and multiply. A second supposition is that the virus does not exhaust the soil, but as it grows in the animal body produces substances which are poisonous to itself, and these substances, remaining in the body after they have been formed there by a modified virus, act poisonously upon the more deadly virus when that gains access, and either stop its development altogether or greatly hinder it. An analogy in favor of this supposition is seen in the yeast plant, which produces alcohol in saccharine solutions until a limited percentage of alcohol is present, then the alcohol acts as a poison to the yeast plant, and neither it nor any other yeast plant of the kind can grow further in that solution. A third supposition is that, whether the virus be a living thing or not, the protective result obtained by introducing the modified virus into the body of an animal is due to the education of the living protoplasmic cells of which the animal consists. If you plunge a mussel from the sea into fresh water, making sure that its shell is kept a little open, the animal will be killed by the fresh water. But if you treat the

mussel first with "modified" fresh water—that is, with brackish water—and then after a bit introduce it to fresh water, the fresh water will have no injurious effect, and the mussel may be made permanently to tolerate fresh water. So too by commencing with small doses, gradually increased, the human body may be made to tolerate an amount of arsenic and of other poisons which are deadly to the uneducated.

Any one of these three suppositions would at first sight seem to offer a possible explanation of the protective inoculation against rabies and hydrophobia. It is not known that the virus of rabies is a separate parasitic organism; at the same time it is possible that it is. If it is not, the last of the three above-named hypotheses would seem to meet the case, and, whether the virus is a living thing or not, has an appearance of plausibility.

But how are we to suppose that the inoculation of modified rabbit-virus acts upon a man so as to cut short the career of a dog's virus which has already been implanted in the man's system by a bite?

To form any plausible conception on this matter we ought to have some idea as to the real significance of the incubation period, and this we are not yet able to form satisfactorily. Most diseases which are propagated by a virus—as, for instance, small pox, scarlet fever, typhoid, syphilis—have a fixed and definite incubation period. What is going on in the victimized animal or man during that incubation period? On the supposition that the virus is a living thing, we may imagine that the virus is slowly multiplying during this period, until it is sufficiently abundant to cause poisonous effects in the animal attacked. It is difficult to suggest an explanation of the incubation period if we do not assume that the virus is a living thing which can grow.

The poisonous effects are, at any rate, deferred during this incubation period. If you could introduce a modified and mild form of the same virus with a shorter incubation period into the animal which has been infected with a stronger virus with a long incubation period, you might get the protoplasm of the infected animal accustomed first to mild and then gradually to stronger doses of the poison before the critical period of the long and strong virus arrived; and so, when the assumed hour of deadly maturity of the latter was reached, the animal tissues would exhibit complete indifference, having in the mean time learnt to tolerate without the slight-

est tremor of disorganization the poison (or it may be the vibration) which, previous to their education, would have been rapidly fatal. Almost equally well we may figure to ourselves the state of preparation brought about if we choose to employ the terms of the first or of the second supposition above given. The point of importance to ascertain, if such a conception is to be applied to Pasteur's treatment of hydrophobia, is whether the dog's and wolf's virus is longer in incubation and stronger in poisonous quality than that of the rabbits' cords as modified by hanging up in dry air. A general principle appears to be—according to M. Pasteur—that, in regard to rabies, the *longer* the incubation period the *less* the virulence of the virus, and the *shorter* the incubation period the *greater* the virulence. The virus in the cord of the rabbits used by M. Pasteur for preventive inoculation is stated by him to be, when fresh, much more intense than that taken from a mad dog; it produces rabies in a dog, when injected into its veins, in eight or ten days. By hanging in dry air for a fortnight this cord loses its virulence. But it has not yet been stated by Pasteur what are the indications that this virulence is lost, and whether the loss of virulence is in this case measured by an increase of incubation period. We have no information from Pasteur on this point. It would certainly seem that the virus of the dried rabbits' cords ought not to lose its short incubation period if it is to get beforehand with the dog-bite virus, which has a period of five or six weeks.* And presumably, therefore, there must be two distinct qualities in which the virus can vary; one, its incubation period, and the other its intensity of action, apart from time, but in reference to its actual capability or incapability of causing disease in this or that species of animal.

It is useless to speculate further on the subject at present. The secret is for the moment locked in Pasteur's brain. Had we in this country a State laboratory or any public institution whatsoever in which research of the kind was provided for, the fundamental statements of Pasteur as to his results with dogs would ere this have been strictly tested with absolute

* The incubation period of five weeks ordinarily observed in the case of men bitten by rabid dogs may be due to the *smallness* of the dose, since Pasteur has shown that small doses of rabid virus give longer incubation periods than large doses. How far a dose of weakened virus can be made to attain the rapid action of strong virus, by increasing the quantity of the weaker virus injected, has not been stated by Pasteur.

independence and impartiality by English physiologists retained by the State to carry on continuously such inquiries. Similarly, we should have independent knowledge on the points above raised as to the modification of the virus in rabbits, and the public anxiety on the whole matter would be in a fair way towards being allayed. At the same time, in all probability similar treatment in regard to other diseases would ere this have been devised by practical English experimenters. As it is, owing to our repressive laws and the State neglect of scientific research, we have to remain entirely at the mercy of the distinguished men who are nurtured and equipped by the State agencies of our Continental neighbors. All that we are in a position to say with regard to Pasteur's treatment of hydrophobia is, that unless the accounts which have been published in his name and by his assistants are not merely erroneous but wilful frauds of incredible wickedness, that treatment is likely to prove a success so extraordinary and so beneficent as to place its author in the first rank of men of genius of all ages. That is the position, and there is no reason why the former alternative should even for a moment be entertained.

E. RAY LANKESTER.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

DON ANGELO'S STRAY SHEEP.

PAOLO walked a few yards off, as far as the shadow allowed him to go, and got out his piece of bread, to occupy the time with eating.

"Now," said the pazzo, "I want to tell you a secret—another man's secret—and if you think that you ought not to know it, you will consider it under seal."

"Certainly," said Don Angelo,—"under seal."

"Well," said the pazzo, sinking his voice to a whisper, and holding his hand near his mouth to prevent the least sound from getting to Paolo, "you are looking for one lost sheep—what would you do if you found another?"

"Bring it home—I will not say on my shoulder, but I may truly add, rejoicing. Who do you mean? Is it not Ricciotto?"

"Ricciotto, Ricciotto!" said the pazzo impatiently—"it is something more serious than Ricciotto. It is some one whose life is precious, and who, I fear, has a black signature written upon his brow. There, *padre mio*, let your eyes

rest upon that dog, and your mind will travel in the right direction."

"Ludovico Santini?"

"Well guessed!"

"Where is he?"

"Half an hour from here — ill — dying."

"Dio santo!"

"Grazuccia is with him, and the child; but he gets worse, more weak, more needing care, and how can the *poveraccio* get it there, I ask you? He is my guest," said the pazzo; "if that signorino is to be trusted, you might get to him on the mule, and then you might see —"

"Ricciotto?" said Don Angelo, who was difficult to divert from a fixed idea or purpose.

"Ricciotto!" said the pazzo, almost contemptuously — "Ricciotto is with the goats out on the mountain, waiting only for my castle to be free to be my own charge, companion, brother, friend."

"*Maria santa!*" said the priest, "you offer him a brilliant future."

"No man can give more than all he has," said the pazzo; "it is not every one who has the privilege of doing that."

"That is true," said Don Angelo, and he felt the reproof, and questioned his own heart whether he ought not for conscience' sake to acknowledge it.

"I like the *ragazzaccio*," said the pazzo. "But Ludovico seems to me in a bad way. I am often thinking what we should do if he died up there — and die he must, unless some one or something gets him to change his mind and come down home."

"I don't know that I can do much," said Don Angelo; "for the last two years he has been gradually separating himself from the Church; he may be offended at my speaking to him."

"Not he — not he!" said the pazzo. "Does not the proverb say that if the devil could die, he himself would be religious and send for a priest at the first pricking of his hoof or horns? and Ludovico is a long way from that."

"Ludovico has behaved badly," said Don Angelo. "Granting that the old times of tyranny and ignorance were bad, and so gave him reason to sympathize with the cry for union of the whole of Italy under one crown; now that it is accomplished, why should he keep up irritations — keep writing and speaking against the powers that are in authority, and add to the hardship of paying the taxes by inciting others to rebel, and so get punished? He can do no possible good by it. I cannot persuade him to give up talking and writing. Once, for my sake, it is true, he

cancelled a letter that I thought too free in its criticism on the Church, and too wild in its sarcasm and liberal, advanced views (as it pleases people to call *atheism* and *destruction*), and it went farther than he had himself intended in his calmer moods; but that was the exception. What can one do?"

"He has suffered much!" said the pazzo.

"And made others suffer. It was through him that poor Nanni got that week's imprisonment for not paying his own tax, and getting others to join with him to resist. And you know, *Giorgio mio*, that when the mill was surrounded and they had out the soldiers, it was proved that Ludovico was at the bottom of it. That newspaper of his will burn the roof from over his own head, and suffocate him in the smoke, instead of setting fire to a beacon to light the whole of Italy, as *he* hopes, poor fellow! I don't see what I can do," said Don Angelo thoughtfully.

"Then you don't care to go to him?" said the pazzo. "Well, well — it was for Grazuccia's sake and little Ninetta's."

"If I went, what do you think I could do?" said Don Angelo, anxious to help, yet naturally reluctant to risk a stormy and useless interview with a man who had been the firebrand in the town. "What could I do?"

"Who can say?" said the pazzo. "You would not like me, or any one else, to say, 'Nothing.'"

"That is true," said Don Angelo, who was never offended at getting a blow, if given fairly and courageously. "I am ready to go, but I should be sorry to make matters worse."

"When things are at the worst, any change must be for the better," said the pazzo. "I'll go first, and tell La Grazia that I met you, and have brought you on. You keep to the road that leads nowhere, and when you reach the point where your eyes are level with the bell-tower of the cathedral over the head of the Wounded Dove, stop, and I'll come to you."

"And Signor Paolo?" said Don Angelo.

"That you know best about," said the pazzo. "Come, Diana, Diana!"

Paolo immediately rejoined the priest, who considered it both safe and wise to trust him, and, taking his solemn promise of secrecy, told him something of what the pazzo had said, and so in a moment changed the lazy good-nature of his manner into thoughtful intention and anxiety.

"*Poveraccio!*" he said, as he took the bridle into his hand again; "and we thought him at Rome. *Poveraccio*—eh, Ludovico! *poveraccio!* And I and Vincenzo at one time envied him, and almost thought of joining him."

"It sometimes happens," said Don Angelo, "that a man is more to be envied in failure than in success."

"Not such failure as this," said Paolo.

"One does not quite know whether it is a failure," said Don Angelo. "The bucket has to go down into the well before it can bring up cool water. *Capite?* (Do you understand?)"

They did not say much after this, but toiled on in the sunshine beneath their white *ombrelli*. The wind was gone, hushed in silent reverence before the majesty of the sun, which blazed and sent brilliant fringed edges to those leaves which repeated the murmured worship of the wind—murmurs so low that only the highest grasses and lightest leaves could feel the gentle impulse. They were not left to wonder where to halt, for the pazzo came back again without his basket or Diana—only his long stick for company, and his broad-brimmed hat for shade.

"Ludovico is asleep," he said, in a whisper, "and Grazuccia returning thanks to Our Lady for having sent you to them. Poor little woman! she has begun to think so ill of her fellow-creatures, as to believe that no one does anything kind unless through a special interposition of Providence."

Don Angelo smiled, half pitying his shrewd misguided or mad friend.

"Lead!" he said; "we follow."

They walked on, rather quickly, but silently; and were received by Cecco, who was perched just over the bushes that hid the entrance to the quarried cave. He fluttered, cawed mildly, and then hopped up the rocks; so by the time they had got through the dark passage, he was there to receive them again.

Poor Grazuccia! her joy was painful; and Paolo, with a young man's dread of any display of emotions which are beginning to make a part of his own life, though not yet understood, was very thankful to Ninetta for coming to protect him from Cecco's long beak. Thus he did not see what his heart felt—the dread and despair, hope and thankfulness, that brought Grazuccia to her knees before Don Angelo, kissing his hand and blessing him, and thanking him for his kindness in coming.

Ludovico awoke with the noise. It had

been only a fever-doze, with heavy breathing, and no rest in it.

"Ah—thou!" said he, putting out his hand as Don Angelo came near him.

Grazuccia was relieved—so, in fact, was Don Angelo; Ludovico looked on him as a friend.

"How much you have suffered!" said Don Angelo, speaking very low, seating himself on a box quite close to the bed.

"Not more than others," said Ludovico.

"No," said Don Angelo; "there is plenty of suffering in the world—much more than there need be. But—that is bringing more thorns for your uneasy pillow. When you are well we can think of that. The question now is, how to give you rest, and see you able to give rest to others."

"That is over," said Ludovico.

"For the present, yes," said Don Angelo, who still held his hand, and had been counting the pulsations while he spoke. "What life, what fire you have in your veins!—what pain must be in your head! Only now have I heard of your illness, or known where to find you, and you have been ill long—and are wasted."

Ludovico was too ill to talk. He was ghastly to look at. The yellow skin was ashy, as if the tide of life had gone out, and only the reflection of the lost power glanced over the bare form it had once animated; the hair on his temples had shrunk back, leaving the heavy throbbing veins exposed; and the black curls that crowned his brow were dull and dry, and powdered over with grey dust, as if the disappointment which had nearly wrecked his life had taken separate tribute from the material body, and thus marked its claim.

It was with intense regret that Don Angelo noticed the change in him; but he was too well accustomed to stand by the dying and the fever-stricken not to be well able to distinguish between signs of life or death, and the very force of the sick man's pulse convinced him that he needed only a change of circumstances to enable him to take back life.

Grazuccia, standing by, watched his face; for she had almost as much faith in his opinion as she would have had in a doctor's.

"He cannot talk, or eat, or move till six o'clock," said Grazuccia. "At six he will be better, and take his salad and coffee, or anything I give him, and then he could talk to you; but *now!*"—she shrugged her shoulders and made a long face. "*Pazienza!*" she said, to end her phrase.

"*Pazienza!*" said Don Angelo, seating himself on a projecting piece of the rock, and looking about him. "It is not yet midday; till six o'clock is a long time to wait. Still, it is not well to go down the mountain yet, for there is scarcely any shade." He talked low, and heard a history of all her troubles and anxieties, ending with the appearance of Ricciotto and the raven. Then Grazuccia produced a flask of wine and some bread, and Paolo (with Ninetta in his arms) came to eat some breakfast, and keep cool beneath the awning that had been so rudely—but effectually—put up by Ludovico and the pazzo before the fever had begun.

They had finished eating when the pazzo came back again. Diana opened her eyes and wagged her tail a few times with content; but she was too happy at her master's side, within reach of his hand, to move.

"I cannot find the lad," he said to Don Angelo. "I told him not to go far away; but I expect he has got beyond the little crag over there, for I see some goats there, and he wanted to find the goats."

"We had better seek him," said Don Angelo.

"I will," said Paolo. "You had better stay and rest; it is hot for you, Padre Lamberti."

"No, no," said Don Angelo, rising at once, and taking his *ombrello*; "I must go. Then I will come back and rest; and perhaps our friend will be more himself."

Grazuccia shook her head sadly. "Not till six o'clock," she sighed.

"I don't want Paolo to go," said Ninetta, swinging on his hand. "No—not Paolo. Be *cavaluccio* again. Quick, now!—*cavaluccio—cavaluccio!*"

"Hush, hush!" said her mother. "Where is thy right feeling hidden?—worrying the kind signore, who has told you tales, and played with you, till he is tired; and now making noises to send away all sleep and rest from the poor papa."

"I shall come back," said Paolo, who seemed much older than he had been in the morning; as if he had seen himself in a glass, and decided that boyish manners no longer became him, and he must be, in truth, a man—master of himself. So, as he caressed the child, she felt the power of his resolution, and the delicate tenderness that forgave her selfish petulance; and, after looking steadfastly into his face, she stroked his moustache with her little warm hand, and said,—

"Then I shall wait and look for you, and teach Cecco till you come back." "Is she not a dear little thing?" said the mother.

"Yes, indeed!" said Paolo; "and it is hot for her up here."

"*Dio mio!* but you are right," said Grazuccia, as she took the child in her arms and kissed her fondly.

Don Angelo found it difficult, with his big hat and flowing gown, to get down the narrow, dark passage. The pazzo went before him; Paolo followed, with care, pushing back the trees that grew near the entrance, though it was rare indeed for any one to pass that way.

They had not taken many steps before the report of a gun startled them.

"*Dio santo!*—then the brigands are here, after all!" said Don Angelo.

"*Per Bacco!*" said Paolo, feeling for his revolver, and flushing at the recollection that he was the only armed man of the three.

"San Giorgio and San Michele!" said the pazzo, who had rushed to the edge of the rock, and so got a sight of the next hill. "They aimed at an eagle, and have shot my Ricciotto!"

"Shot Ricciotto?" said Don Angelo.

"*Misericordia!*" said Paolo. "What brutes!"

It was the falling of the eagle, as, with broken wing, it staggered in the air, screeched, and then tumbled over, that had shown the pazzo where the boy was to be found. Who had fired had yet to be known; no one could be seen.

"I don't see Ricciotto," said Don Angelo.

"There!" said the pazzo, who had eyes like a hawk's. "There, by that rock! where the bush is broken, and the tree bent down, and the two goats stand side by side."

As one of the goats was white and grey, it showed well against the dark rock; but the boy, some fifteen feet below, seemed a mere dot, and possibly would have escaped notice but for a small white thing which lay close at his side.

"It is an hour's walk to get to him," said the pazzo—"quite an hour for me; and for you, *Reverendissimo*, it will be twice that."

"But where are the brigands?" said Don Angelo.

"I don't think that they *are* brigands," said the pazzo; "more likely Anina's husband, Achille, the *cacciatore* (hunter)."

"I don't see any one," said Paolo.

"You will, in a minute," said the pazzo;

"for whoever shot the eagle will come to pick it up—or try to; but it will be a good morning's exercise to get up there. I wonder how that little lad got there?—except, of course, that he is a *diavoletto*, and holds his body by the silver thread that bears it through darkness to wherever his soul wishes to fly—in this world!"

"What madness!" said Paolo; but whether he meant Riccio or the pazzo's explanation did not appear. They could now hear voices, for the air was clear and still, and this proved that whoever fired was within this angle of rock, and must be below them.

There was not only talking but laughing—loud, boisterous laughing—and voices so loud and free, that they evidently belonged to those who neither feared discovery nor reproof.

The pazzo now came back into the road. "I don't know what to think," he said to Don Angelo; "unless, indeed, it is those signori who came part of the way with you this morning."

"We must be cautious," said Paolo. "What a thing it would be to shoot a friend!"

Going down a mountain is much like going "straight down the crooked lane, and all round the square." Don Angelo walked quickly, and the young men kept their pace to his, the pazzo only occasionally craning over at the points where he could get a glimpse of the goats, to see if the little lad had yet been rescued.

"I should think that they would scarcely be laughing, if they knew that they had shot a poor boy," said Paolo. "I wonder if he is dead? How long the road is!"

"I think," said the pazzo, "that I can get on quicker than you gentlemen can—I need not keep to the road, but can scramble across like a dog, over brambles and rocks."

"That would be well," said Don Angelo—and off went the pazzo.

"I can't understand how the boy got there," said Paolo, "for it is such a wild place. I have never been there myself—in fact I did not know that between the villages the hills were so wild. What a panorama! What a scene for a painter! and there is a subject too—the goats, the boy, the crag, and the mountains, and the sky so blue. What a color! Nothing like it on earth but the azure butterfly and the Madonna's eyes (Veronica)!"

"That is true," said Don Angelo.

A quarter of an hour's quick walking

brought them to a broken wall, which had been piled up to protect the last angle of the road. As they turned the sharp corner, they again faced the rock, with the boy and the goats on it.

Here they paused. They could see, but not hear, what was going on. The pazzo had reached a group of four men, but who they were was not easy to see. They looked like soldiers; at least two had on military clothes,—one, the linen undress jacket of the *bersaglieri*; the other, the long grey coat of an infantry regiment; the other two were dressed in civilians' clothes, broad felt hats with cocks' feathers, a red scarf round the waist, and bright grey or buff trousers; but even they were clean shaved, and had shortly cropped hair, and looked military in manner. They were serious enough now, and were making straight for Riccio, who still lay, just as he had fallen, on the rock, though the white thing had struggled up, and showed itself to be a young kid. Only one of them had a gun, and that was not a regimental rifle, but a lighter, shorter arm, adapted to sport, not war, and without any bayonet or other murderous adjunct.

"Men coming home, *per Bacco*!" said Paolo, after shading his eyes with his hand, and looking earnestly at the group. "That tall fellow with the gun, in the linen jacket, is Carmine—Celestina's son—and that other fellow, Vincenzo, Pasquale's boy; he went off the same day. I can't see the others. Ah, yes, that's Michele, Don Luigi's son—the fellow with light-grey trousers. The other I don't know. There they are—do you see, Don Angelo? it's of no use, after all, getting to the rock, for they cannot reach him. Poor little fellow—what a blaze to lie in! I wonder how it happened?"

They could see the men consulting—and they were too young to hesitate long. Carmine was the quickest; he threw off his jacket, boots, and hat, bound a handkerchief round his head to keep off the sun, and rolled his shirt-sleeves back. There seemed nothing to catch, nothing to hold by. The pazzo was nearly as quick, and followed the same idea, and the rest on either side stood eager to help, so it became a rivalry as to which should get to the top first.

One smooth, bright, polished rock for fourteen feet! It seemed as insurmountable as a precipice. There was nothing for it but to make a living ladder; first, Vincenzo; Carmine, ever anxious to be to the front, came next; so it was the pazzo

who had the honor of standing on the small plateau beside the boy.

The kid, however, was the first to be rescued; with the unchanging instinct of self-preservation, it first looked at the men, then rushed at them, and permitted Carmine to hand it down, at which the mother goat threatened them with the new danger of rushing down upon them, so distressed was she at seeing her baby disappear.

There was not much room on the ledge for any one to stand. With great care the pazzo stooped over the child, fearing he was dead. Turning him over, he found that he had a cut on his head, from which the blood trickled slowly; and an ominous grating crackle warned him that, somewhere, a bone was certainly broken.

"Quick!" said Carmine; "I weigh more than an ounce, and Vincenzo's shoulders are not marble."

"You cannot take him from me," said the pazzo; "for, if he has life at all, he would be frightened and hurt by a jump."

"Swing him down, then," said Vincenzo; and Carmine slipped to the ground, and fell to examining his clothes for something to take the place of a rope. He was fortunate, and produced two large, strong cotton handkerchiefs from one pocket, and two or three more from another, all of different colors, and remarkably gay—for, in fact, they were presents for those at home. This soon reminded the other lads that they had presents for home of the same kind; thus in a few minutes Carmine was up again, with arms outstretched, that the pazzo might reach the handkerchiefs, and so sling Ricciotto down to his companions.

With considerable skill the pazzo made a double loop to support the legs and body, and then knelt to give the child steady guidance till Carmine and Vincenzo received him safely.

Don Angelo and Paolo watched them with intense interest, and Paolo shouted to them to attract their attention, and desire them to bring him back their way. The young men, however, were too much engrossed with the boy, and the question whether he still lived, to see anything but him; and forgot the poor pazzo, as well as the wounded eagle, in the anxiety of watching for signs of life.

"Give me a hand, or a shoulder," said the pazzo, "or, *per Bacco!* I shall tempt providence by taking a flying leap upon you."

He looked as if he meant it, so they

laid Ricciotto on the grass, and again mounted as before, till the pazzo could get a foothold, and could let himself down without breaking his neck. The goat had found a way for herself, and the pazzo had hardly touched the boy's limp hand before the bleating of kid and goat announced the satisfaction with which mother and kid met again.

"It is his leg," said the pazzo—"broken near the knee; an awkward breakage. No more wandering for you, my laddie, for a time; no more living in my castle."

"No more living anywhere, it strikes me," said Carmine. "I don't feel his heart."

"No, no," said Vincenzo; "if he was dead he would not be so limp and soft."

"Don Angelo will know. Let us take him to Don Angelo," said the pazzo.

It was difficult to know how to carry him. Carmine at length suggested using his linen jacket, lengthways, as a hammock—and this they did. It was rather narrow, but it served its turn indifferently well, as the four men each took a corner, to carry him level and straight.

Don Angelo watched them swinging along with military precision, though the road was rough, and in every way difficult for them to get over without jolting. The pazzo thus had time to look round for the wounded bird, and was glad to see that it had fallen in the valley, and was so still as to give the certainty that it must be dead.

"Poor thing!" said he, as he followed the rest hastily. "Well," he added, as a consolation, "he was coming to kill, when he got caught himself."

Don Angelo and Paolo walked quickly down the road, so as to meet the little procession. The movement and the air had awakened Ricciotto to life, and he was conscious of pain, he knew not where, and a sensation of giddiness and sinking, and far-offness from all human sights and sounds. Men did not seem like men to him, nor the movement like being carried, nor did the mountains seem mountains.

"*Purgatorio!*" he muttered to himself, as the flaring sunlight glanced under his eyelids, and seemed to turn all things, far and near, into red tormenting flames.

The way seemed interminable before they reached a shady spot, and stopped. They had, in fact, kept steadily on, with military endurance and discipline, till they came to a corner where Don Angelo and Paolo waited for them in the shade. Paolo had his little keg of water ready, and

was almost trembling with nervous impatience to know the worst, or the truth.

"*Dio santo! Gesù-Maria!*" said Don Angelo, stooping over the child, full of compassion.

Ricciotto heard the sacred names spoken softly, and a great revulsion of feeling sent two big tears into his eyes, as he tried to look into the priest's face.

"*Not in hell!*" were the words Don Angelo heard, as he bent low to catch what the moving lips murmured.

"No, indeed!" said he earnestly. "In suffering, yes; but the path of pain leads to Paradise — in the end. But your end is not yet, little one — poor little one! — one of Mary's *innocenti!*"

"Well," said Carmine, "where shall we take him? See, the blood comes faster now from his head! He must go to a doctor."

"That is true," said Don Angelo; "but surely that is not a gun-shot wound? Where was he shot?"

"He wasn't shot," said Carmine. "My shot took the eagle, but I expect it startled him as he was reaching after the kid, and he must have lost his balance, and tumbled over on the rock."

The pazzo stooped, and gathered some grass by the roadside, wetted it at Paolo's water-barrel, made a pad of it to fit the wound, and tied it all together tight with one of the handkerchiefs.

"Eh!" said Carmine, turning back from speaking to the priest; "what made you choose that one? That I bought for Celestina — my mother, you know."

"I can't undo it now," said the pazzo.

"She will find it doubly welcome, if the boy comes back safe in it," said Don Angelo. "Don't you recollect him? That is Ricciotto, Carmine. Your mother will be glad to see you, for she has been anxious about you; but, as I said, perhaps the best thing you could bring to make yourself more welcome still, will be news that this child of hers is found."

"*Diamine!*" said Carmine, looking at the child and his scanty clothes and wan wild face, as if he thought that the blessed Madonna would scarcely reward Celestina for her generosity to the foundling.

"You have carried him well," said Don Angelo; "but it is not a convenient method. I would advise you to go straight to La Villetta and see Don Filippo. He was once a military chaplain, and will help you to get something to carry him on."

Ricciotto heard, but was in too much anguish to understand accurately. His

eyes met Don Angelo's with pathetic entreaty.

"Not to Celestina," he whispered low.

"No, no; to Don Pasquale's hospital," said the priest. "As quick as you can," he said, lifting his hat instinctively, as he stood back to let them pass on, and raised his hand to bless the poor child, who had won a way into his heart, he scarcely knew why.

The pazzo went with them, after saying confidentially to Don Angelo, "You are going to Ludovico again, surely, *padre mio?* I, too, shall come, to bring some hay to the mule, when I have seen the boy safely at rest."

In three-quarters of an hour they had reached the village where Ricciotto had seen the priest and the children carrying a dead child to the church. No sooner had they arrived than all the inhabitants turned out to see them, Don Filippo amongst the first. He was an energetic, determined man of forty, whose face gave some expression to his thoughts, in spite of his habit of solemn reticence.

With much tenderness he superintended the child's being carried into his own house, and sent for the carpenter to make him some splints, and called his old house-keeper to tear him up some long bandages. It was a simple fracture — he quite understood such a case; so did Vincenzo, who had been a hospital orderly. Thus, without going further, the leg was set, and the boy put to sleep, in a room where books and flowers only had hitherto been kept. It was so easy to put in a trestle-bed and mattress. Everything was easy to this energetic man; and all his people, catching his restless determination, offered what help he wanted, and carried out any wish he expressed.

It was not near Celestina's cottage, so Ricciotto was content; and the young men went off to find their homes, thankful that no more harm had been done; and the pazzo was free to return to his castle and his guests.

It was four o'clock when Don Angelo got back to his friends. Grazuccia was knitting, and the child was playing with Diana. She had made the dog a paper cap, and tied a red handkerchief round her to make a petticoat, all of which the dear old dog bore with a dignity that might have become a *savant*, who, not being able to accommodate his mind to baby babble, consents to be dressed up and do as he is told, to help out the amusement of a small child. Cecco looked on with

approving condescension, occasionally cawing and flapping his wings, ready to interfere and decide any dispute that might arise between them.

Ludovico was wild-eyed and haggard. Don Angelo accepted the seat Grazuccia offered him in the shade, and brought out a book, with which he occupied himself, apart from the rest, while Paolo went off to seek water for his mule.

The sun, now on the opposite bank of blue sky, travelled fast, tired of the world that had been scorched by his caresses into ungrateful murmurs, and anxious to reach the new world, where his arrival would be welcomed by those who are ever sighing for the morning.

So the hours passed. Grazuccia noiselessly lighted her lamp, and warmed some broth. Don Angelo dozed off into a quiet sleep. Paolo took Ninetta to see the mule, and Diana lay with eager eyes watching her master. The stillness was almost oppressive, and, though nothing had been said, a feeling of hushed expectation was in the air.

"*Grazia Dio!*" said a voice, at length. Both Grazuccia and Diana started, and Grazuccia knew that it was six o'clock.

"*Grazia Dio!*" again said the voice, louder than before; then Ludovico threw off his covering, and rose from his bed. He could stretch, and yawn, and shiver with weariness without racking his head with the agony of moving. The fever was gone; he could change his clothes now, and use what little power he had for a while. The fever was gone. No wonder he thanked God even for the respite of twenty-four hours, which was all he could hope for or expect under existing circumstances.

Don Angelo awoke, but was too discreet to look up. He resumed his book, and appeared to see nothing else; but in truth he was grieved to see how emaciated this strong and still young man had become, when his wife helped him to dress, anxious to prevent his feeling his own weakness.

He had his broth, and then his pipe; and then it was that he invited Don Angelo to come near him.

"You do not smoke, but you permit it," he said, "if I remember rightly."

"I am glad you can enjoy anything," said the priest.

"I?—I enjoy everything," said Ludovico.

"That is well," said Don Angelo calmly.

"There is nothing like deprivation to

excite content and gratitude for small mercies," said Ludovico.

"I am sure of that," said Don Angelo. "How very thankful we are for water after a long, dusty walk!"

"Or for rest after fever!" said Ludovico.

"Yes; or for the presence of a friend amongst us after a long absence!" said Don Angelo, looking up steadily, aware that his companion was quivering and restless, and determined to maintain a certain calm mastery over him.

"No, no," said Ludovico; "that is your mistake. Mendie; and before their shoes are cold, another pair of feet is treading them down at heel, so that not even the footprint is the same, and no trace of them is left or sought, except, perhaps, by the few dependent on him."

"That is true, in a way," said Don Angelo; "but you and I do not want to speak of these things now. We need not generalize, as if we were strangers, afraid of each other's opinions. I would rather say what I feel, knowing that I express the thought of others as well as my own. Every time I pass a certain shop, and read over it the name *Ludovico Santini*, I say, 'How I wish he was back with us! that the door was open, and I could just step in, and know what new inventions are coming out, to enable us to learn as much in a month as our grandfathers did in a year!'"

Ludovico smiled, and passed his thin hand over his mouth to hide his smile.

"And if I did come back," he said at length, "I should have the honor of a public reception before the signor president of the court of assize."

"That would soon be over."

"So would my life," said Ludovico. "No, no; this fever has consumed me. I am a pile of ashes—a touch would crumble me to earth. Let that touch be the kindly one of Providence, here, in the free air, upon a mountain that is as near heaven as any other spot on earth; not the finger of common spite, or vulgar prejudice, within dirty walls that stink of crimes and hatred, and are blackened by the curses of those who have been unreasonably condemned, or have been too ignorant to know anything but death in life, and are killed or sent to the galleys (poor wretches!) to teach them better."

"No," said Don Angelo, "I cannot think that you must die yet—for many years. You are even now wanted in the town; and I believe that your return can

easily be managed, for what have you done? A crime? No! We who know you, say, an error of judgment. You have but to regret it, and —"

"Regret it!" said Ludovico, interrupting with excitement, — "regret it? By heaven I do not regret it! Not a thing — not a word!"

"Well, I do," said Don Angelo quietly, rising as he spoke, and seating himself again with great deliberation, his gown settling round him in long folds. "I regret it, for I feel that you were mistaken; and I feel sure —"

"I tell you," said Ludovico fiercely, interrupting again, leaning forward and shaking his long thin finger to emphasize what he said, "I have done *nothing* to regret. I should despise myself if I did regret it. What have I done, but protest against tyranny and injustice? *You* teach what you believe to be true. *I* speak what I feel, knowing that I should not desire so ardently to help my poor brothers if the feeling were not planted in me by God. You preach patience, and promise (in God's name) a future reward to those who have fortitude enough to suffer and do right, and thus earn a future Paradise. Must we all be martyrs, then, before we can be saints?" Ludovico drew himself up, and his bright eyes flashed as he glanced at the priest, and paused a moment for breath before he resumed. "Is right and justice, and a smooth way to future eternal happiness, to be only for the *rich*? Are the poor to fight the battles and till the ground and do all the labor in every way, and yet lose whatever it pleases those in power to take from them, just because the rich can buy force to take what they want and stifle the voices of any who dare cry out with the agony that they are called on to endure? Is that what we fought for? That is neither justice nor freedom. Italy now is *one* country with *one* king. Should she not have one heart, one brotherhood, one faith, one allegiance? Her glory should be in the blessing and smiles with which poor and rich together hail the new order of things, not in the magnificence of a grand court and an immense army, to be supported by the hard work of a tax-driven, starving, discontented peasantry, each year harder driven, and so more debased and discontented. Absolute equality there can never be; I do not believe that it was ever intended. But brotherhood should be the tie that binds all men together; religion, not merely the induce-

ment for one-half of society to endure patiently the suffering wantonly inflicted by the other half, but a universal call to love and justice for poor and rich alike; a feeling amongst the higher classes of genuine compassion and sympathy, that together — for opposite reasons — they may merit the heavenly promises."

"*Per Bacco!*" said Don Angelo, with steadfast dignity, when the storm had rushed to a natural end, and Ludovico sank back exhausted, his hand dropping at his side, when Diana put up her head to lick it affectionately. "You have very noble aspirations and fine ideas, and wishes that the saints labored to realize, and many of our best men have died for. It seems to me, my friend, that you put up a shadow and fight with it, rather than keep to the truths of life, which would give real scope for all your desires. You permit yourself to dream too much; and all I ask of you is, to awake to the fact that your life, exemplifying these theories, will do more real good than all the protests you have written or spoken put together. I cannot leave you here."

"I shall not long be anywhere," said Ludovico, his hand straying to caress Diana.

"No," said Don Angelo; "not if you stay here. It is too hot, too cold, too damp — too far off from all who care for you, or can make life worth living. You will fret yourself mad."

"But if I go back," said Ludovico — "no, no," with wistful hesitation. "It would be cowardly to bring others into trouble by giving me a refuge —"

"Others? Look at your wife! What a life it is for her! When you are well, we will talk it over at length; while you are ill, you must let me act for you. I will not enter on what you regret or do not regret. I know that, with your desire for right, you have but to see wrong done to regret doing it."

"I am not going to barter my liberty of thought, and freedom of expressing it, for a few days' comfort — or for your good opinion either," said Ludovico.

"Maybe — maybe," said Don Angelo. "I have no desire to control your liberty. What I feel is, simply, that your so-called advanced opinions have robbed you of comfort, and peace, and trust in God; and now that you are alone, ill, and disappointed, you imagine yourself to be forsaken by all who are good and sympathetic — all whom you in your heart desire to benefit. But it is not so."

"That I am here, is a proof of how those are treated who strive to help their party," said Ludovico.

"I have nothing to do with *parties*," said Don Angelo gravely. "I have before me the recollection of a question once asked of our blessed Lord as to some tribute money, and he said — do you recollect? — 'Render to Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's.' That is all we ask of you, or any man. Is it difficult to your conscience to comply?"

"You know best," said Ludovico. "If my life does not tell you, my lips cannot."

"What a place this is for you! how hot, how scorching this rock is! Why, how long have you been here?" said Don Angelo, rising and putting his hand on the stone over his head, at an angle where it caught the sun. "You must come down at once; it is enough to kill you staying here."

"That is what I have always said," said Grazuccia; "nothing but a lizard or serpent could live here. In these six days that I have been here, I feel scorched and aching in every bone. Even Ninetta complains of headache — headache at her age, when no such thing as pain ought to come near her."

"It is the dew, and the sun," said Don Angelo.

"That is true," said Ludovico; "take them back with you, if you will. Yes; it is better that they should go — better, far better! And, in truth, of what good are they here? — to listen to my groans, and watch how many breaths I draw before the last."

"That is childish," said Don Angelo. "You know that none of us can be so inhuman as to leave you. I will take Ninetta with me and your wife too, and with them you will come. Just get on my mule, and Paolo will guide you down — or hold you on — as need be."

Ludovico knew how necessary it was to him to have proper care; he knew also how wretched poor Grazuccia and his child were up there. He hesitated.

"I leave it to your conscience to consider what right you have to throw away your life; to your reason, to think what good you can do to your family and your cause, your ideas and aspirations, by dying now."

Don Angelo waited, and watched, and spoke a word, and listened for another half-hour before the cause was won. But he won it; and when he went down to

the city again, the pazzo was carrying Ninetta in his arms, and had Cecco perched upon his shoulder. Paolo guided the mule, on which sat Ludovico, weary and tired, and not sorry to feel that his wife was on one side and Don Angelo on the other, to give him a hand when his giddiness overcame him, and he felt as if he must fall.

No one had seen him go — no one saw him come back again; for the city was hushed and still when they entered it, and it was not a moonlight night.

"Well," said the pazzo, as he, Paolo, and Don Angelo turned from Ludovico's home, having seen him safely in his bed, "now I am alone again — until that *diavoletto* gets his leg well enough to come along with me."

"That has to be considered," said Don Angelo; "but your work seems to be cut out for you. Have you forgotten Tonino? He wants your care more than Ricciotto does; only, while you cure his body, don't teach him to dislike his duty."

"No," said the pazzo, slowly. "I don't think I shall much like my own, if that's what I have to do. But you needn't think any telling of mine would set him wandering. I never yet met a cat on the mountains, any more than I have seen a goat sleeping before the fire. Ricciotto and he are not made of the same clay."

"But they belong to the same Master," said the priest, as he reached his door and turned to say good-night to him and to Paolo, and thank them for their company through the day.

It was not difficult for Don Angelo to get a reconciliation between the sindaco and Ludovico. For form's sake, and the dignity of the law, it was necessary to have sureties for his peaceful conduct. Don Angelo himself offered to be his guarantee; but, in fact, two lay townsmen were accepted, and his shop was open again, some days before he was strong enough to do any business.

"Ludovico is home again!" was the news of the place, and all joined in congratulating him and each other on his reappearance amongst them; and his shop was, more than ever, the central attraction in the town. Each day Don Angelo stepped in to speak a few words with him, and watch his return to health; and Grazuccia, when she heard his voice, generally came in to express, again and again, her conviction, that but for him, Ludovico would have died in the mountain, for that *she* could never have persuaded him to venture home.

From Temple Bar.

LOUIS II. OF BAVARIA.

I.

"But for Don Angelo, I should still have my Ricciotto," said Celestina, who also had come into the shop, with her baby, like a stiff bundle, in her arms. "But then, Don Filippo has nursed him, and kept him in bed, like a grand *signorone*, till he is no more fit for work than the young prince himself."

"You wanted Carmine, and you have him safe home again," said Don Angelo; "Ricciotto was of no special value to you — you said so yourself. The little lad went to the mountain, because he wanted a better and happier life than he could get with you, and he has found it, in a different way from what he expected. Why should you be vexed?"

"What are you going to do with the boy, then?" asked Ludovico.

"Don Pippo means to keep him, and teach him, and see what he is fit for," said Don Angelo. "He is not suited to hard work."

"Hard work!" said Celestina; "and what hard work had he with me? Just getting water, and a bit of wood, or a bundle of hay, or a loaf of bread! Hard work! — indeed, indeed!"

"Well, anyway," said Don Angelo, "Don Pippo says he has borne his pain like a hero, and also has learned his alphabet in these few weeks. He has intelligence enough to be worth giving time to; and he likes the child."

"It will be a good thing for him," said Ludovico, "and a good thing, too, for Don Pippo, for he has a lonely time of it, out there."

"It is a bad thing for me," began Celestina.

"My daughter," said Don Angelo, "we can never say what is bad or what is good for us. We must accept life as it pleases God to dispose it for us."

"That is true," said Ludovico; "accidents often bring about what settled plans have failed to accomplish. In this very case, who could have supposed that Giorgio's bit of fire would have brought Don Angelo up the mountains to look for Ricciotto! and that, instead of brigands, he should only find — find —"

Ludovico, for once, was at a loss for a word.

"Stray sheep!" said Celestina, only half satisfied.

"I am thankful he brought *one* of them home," said Grazuccia, in such an earnest voice that most of her hearers laughed, though they sympathized with her; and Ludovico himself was too thankful to be offended.

It will be well to relate the life of the late king of Bavaria while the materials for a truthful biography are available. In a very little time most of the facts concerning Louis II. will have become overlaid by a mass of popular legendry. The mysteries of the king's life and the dramatic circumstances of his sudden deposition and suicide have naturally impressed the public imagination in Germany very deeply; indeed, the suicide by which King Louis's insanity was conclusively demonstrated to those who reason after the practical manner of a British coroner's jury has had quite the contrary effect on many German minds, and has raised a doubt as to whether the king ought ever to have been declared mad. Already doctors have begun to dispute on this point; some maintaining that the determined way in which the king destroyed himself was incompatible with that particular form of mental disease (softening of the brain) with which other doctors certified him to have been afflicted.

The truth is that the trustworthy witnesses as to Louis II.'s life are very few. The king's relations and ministers were those who knew him least. The high court officials who approached him were by profession discreet, and spoke little. Those who did speak — subordinate officials and discharged servants for the most part — often exaggerated; and their fables assumed ludicrous proportions in passing from mouth to mouth. In Germany the private lives of kings are not pried into by the press. While Louis II. lived no newspaper either in Germany or Austria would have dared to report and still less to criticise his acts too freely. All the stories which circulated about him thus came from gossip. So lately as last January the Bavarian ministry caused it to be denied in the press that the king was in the least degree mentally incapacitated from ruling. It was said in this *communiqué* that his Majesty generally corresponded with his ministers by letter, but that his notes were always lucid and shrewd. It was also mentioned at about the same time that the government having wished to prosecute a journalist who had the hardihood to attack the recluse of Hohenschwangau the king had forbidden the prosecution, saying: "Let him write what he likes so long as I live as I please."

Nevertheless there came a time when the king could no longer be allowed to live as he pleased. Ministers grew afraid of the responsibilities which they were incurring towards the opposition and the country by carrying on the government in the king's name, without any certain control or co-operation from the king himself; and from the moment when it was settled between the Bavarian prime minister, Baron de Lutz, and Prince Bismarck, that this situation must cease, all men's tongues were of a sudden loosed.* During the few days while it was being officially demonstrated as a State necessity that a regency must be established, every man who could adduce evidence as to the king's unfitness to reign had his say. The newspapers of Munich, Berlin, and Vienna, teemed with revelations; and from the most obviously veracious of these — that is, from the accounts of persons whose position enabled, and whose duty compelled, them to speak the truth — it is possible to trace out the story of Louis II.'s strange life with substantial completeness.

The exact measure of his character and genius will not be known until a selection is published of the hundreds of letters which he wrote to Richard Wagner. In these he laid his mind bare as a friend speaking to a friend. Enough is already before the world, however, to support the conclusion that if Louis II. was in his later years incompetent to reign, his intellectual vagaries never exceeded that which has been regarded as mere eccentricity in many poets, authors, and artists. If he had not been a king he might have lived a life like Byron's. He was certainly less hypochondriacal than Tasso, than Cervantes, than J. J. Rousseau, than Goldsmith, Cowper, Chatterton, or Alfred de Musset. Proportions being considered, he was not more extravagant than Lamartine or the late Alexandre Dumas. The former ruined himself to go on a tour to the East in a wondrous steam yacht fitted up like a floating palace; and his debts had to be paid by means of public lotteries.† The latter squandered more than £120,000 in building his Villa Monte Christo, in

which he lived less than a couple of years; and he eventually died without leaving a franc that could be called his own, though he had earned more money in his life than any French author before him.

But even if we merely examined Louis II.'s fitness for the high part which he was cast to play in life, it may be questioned whether he would not have discharged his kingly duties fairly well to the end had he not been surrounded with men who were too complacent towards his whims at the outset of his reign. One firm, self-respecting minister could have kept him to his duties by declining to serve him unless he did what his station required. But successive Bavarian politicians appear to have found it convenient to let their master enjoy a liberty which left them uncontrolled. From all that has transpired it is evident that the king was five years ago acting in a way which conscientious advisers ought not to have permitted. It matters nothing that the Parliamentary necessity for checking the king had then not yet arisen. When this necessity did arise, ministers had to undertake a task which their too-long subserviency had rendered impracticable. The king had hardened himself in his waywardness, and was no longer to be advised or coerced.

II.

LOUIS II. was born at Nymphenburg on the 25th August, 1845, during the reign of his grandfather, the frivolous and eccentric Louis I. His birthday falling on the festival of St. Louis was considered a very auspicious circumstance by the autocratic king and by the clerical party in Bavaria, the more so as Louis I. had himself been born on the 25th August. Good royalists saw in this coincidence a presage that the child would live to rule according to the strictest traditions of divine right, and the fact is said to have had some influence in determining the subsequent conversion of his mother, Princess Marie of Prussia, from the Lutheran to the Roman Catholic religion.* On the other hand the royal child's birthday, the extravagant religious odes that were published in his honor, the Jordan water used at his baptism, and the presents ostentatiously sent to him by the

* The crisis was actually brought about by the refusal of the clerical opposition in the chambers to assist the Liberal Cabinet in raising a state loan for the payment of the king's debts. The opposition required guarantees that the Cabinet was not governing without control of the crown.

† Lamartine also received a pension of twenty thousand francs from Napoleon III. In 1864 the imperial government authorized a lottery to enable him to buy back the estate of St. Point de Monceaux, which had been assigned to his creditors.

* Queen Marie did not openly abjure till after her husband's death, but this is believed to have been owing to King Max's objections to her making what he called a public fuss about her faith. He was somewhat of a Gallo in religious matters, and did not wish his people to think that Jesuit influences were at work in the palace.

Count de Chambord, Don Carlos, and Emperor Ferdinand of Austria and Czar Nicholas, served to mark out Louis II. in his cradle as an object of aversion to German Liberals. Prince Maximilian, the heir-apparent to the throne, lost much of his popularity through the reactionary character imparted to the fêtes for his boy's christening, and he had not yet quite re-established himself in the good graces of the Bavarian people when the revolution of 1848 broke out.

Louis I. was compelled to abdicate, and the crown passed to Maximilian II., who made an excellent constitutional king. The foreign idea of constitutionalism does not require that the sovereign shall be a passive instrument in the hands of his ministers for the time being; and this King Max never was. He did not stand by with his arms folded while rival politicians pelted one another with fragments of the constitution. He had the moral courage to interfere when Parliamentary intriguers would have sacrificed national interests to party schemes; and since he was not afraid to brave those occasional outbursts of grumbling which beset every person, king or man, who does his duty, he earned the grateful respect of his people whenever events proved him to have been in the right. The royal prerogative also suffered no diminution in his hands, but was rather fortified and consolidated; so that after sixteen years' reign King Maximilian left the kingdom in a flourishing and loyal condition to his son. His sudden death after a day's illness on the 10th March, 1864, was mourned as a national calamity; but the fairest hopes attended the accession of Louis II., who inherited his father's popularity, and was believed to have been trained to appreciate the value of so precious an heritage.

An honest and enlightened king, Maximilian II. was in private life not particularly genial, and both his sons, Louis and Otto, had been brought up with great strictness and simplicity. Their father allowed them no pocket-money but what they earned by good marks at their lessons, on the modest scale of one pfennig per mark; and he would fine them a thaler without compunction if they were reported idle. Their table was more frugal than that of the sons of most country gentlemen. When Louis attained his majority at eighteen, he was provided with an establishment of his own, and sat down on the first day of his emancipation to his usual dinner, — one dish of meat and some cheese. "Am I now my own

master?" he asked with a smile of his servants. "Yes, sir," was the answer. "Then you may bring me some chicken and a *Mehlspeisen* (pudding)."

Queen Marie, though a fond mother and much beloved by her sons, shared her husband's masculine opinions about the education of boys. It has been a custom in the Prussian royal family for the last ninety years that all the young princes shall be taught the rudiments of some manual trade.* Prince Otto by his mother's desire learnt carpentering and turning; but Prince Louis, who very early evinced a taste for architecture, chose to be a mason. He had then just entered his teens, and during a fortnight he worked for a couple of hours every day with the masons who were building a new coach-house at the palace of Nymphenburg. At the end of that time he announced to his mother that he had finished his apprenticeship, for that he could lay a brick as neatly as any workman. "But could you earn your living at the trade?" asked the doubting queen. "I could make my fortune at it," replied the boy, with a laugh which showed that he did not see much practical utility in his recent occupations; "why, surely, if I offered myself as a brick-layer any master mason would be glad to take me into partnership; my name would bring him more business than my hands could do."

On another occasion, seeing his brother busy at a lathe, Louis remarked demurely: "There is Otto taking his precautions for when the world shall be turned upside down. When princes become turners, I suppose Fritz the carpenter will be a king."

Maximilian II. chose his sons' tutors with the best judgment, and the boys were apt pupils when they had learned to like their masters; but in this respect Louis was much more difficult to please than Otto. Up to his fourteenth year the boy was so nervous with strangers, and so impressionable as regards physiognomies, that if a face excited any repulsion in him, he manifested positive terror. The king, wishing to cure his son of this nonsense, as he called it, long insisted that the boy should retain in his service two or three servants whose features he loathed. But

* The custom arose after the French Revolution, and was started by Frederick William III., who came to the throne in 1797. This king and his gifted wife, Queen Louise, who suffered so much adversity, often reminded their children of how the Duke of Chartres (afterwards Duke of Orleans, and later King Louis Philippe) had been obliged to earn his living as a school usher in Switzerland.

when Prince Louis met these men he would tremble and shut his eyes, or else turn away with his face to the wall. It was not ugliness or deformity which kindled the boy's antipathy, but an intuition that the person he saw was not what the French call *sympathique*. In a land where spiritual affinities are so much believed in that romantic young students take to themselves spiritual brothers, this faculty for making friends or foes at first sight is better understood than it would be in a country where a close friend goes by no higher name than that of chum. With uncongenial tutors, Prince Louis would sit dumb and stupid; and this fact coming to be plainly recognized by his mother as a bar to his education, she prevailed on the king to let the boy's fancy be humored within reason. Obnoxious servants were removed; tutors were only engaged on probation; and this indulgence soon produced good results, for the prince outgrew much of his nervousness, and learned to control his emotion at the sight of disagreeable faces. In after life, however, he always remained a firm believer in the science of Lavater, as he did in phrenology and in systems for reading character by the shape of the hand or handwriting.*

The famous Dr. Döllinger was one of the tutors who exercised the happiest influence on Prince Louis. Giving a general direction to his pupil's studies, the learned and able churchman acted on the principle that the future king ought to know a little of everything, and to choose for himself the one or two subjects which he would like to study thoroughly. He has often said, however, that he was disconcerted by the ardor with which the prince applied himself to every branch of study except political economy and mathematics. Quick at learning languages ancient or modern; passionately fond of history; deeply interested in theology, and intelligent in his comprehension of books relating to the science of war,—Prince Louis was equally assiduous in his

music and drawing-lessons, and in all corporeal exercises. He learned to drill smartly; became a graceful fencer, and a bold rider. But the sensitiveness of his character was shown by the deep mortification he experienced whenever he met with any mishap in his athletics which exposed him to ridicule, and the dread of this ridicule caused him to go to the riding-school or the gymnastic room with a much more serious face than he wore when sitting down to his books. In this, as in many other things, he was the opposite of ordinary young men. Once, when he had rolled off his horse into the sawdust of the riding-school, his military tutor, Colonel Heckel, laughed. Prince Louis turned to him with a white face, and said,—

"Pray teach me, colonel, to fall in a way that shall not be comical. There ought to be nothing laughable in an accident which might happen even to a good rider before a hundred thousand men."

Another day, fencing with one of his occasional companions, young Count d'Orff, he showed great impatience at being touched several times on the arm and shoulder. At last his adversary made a straight lunge and struck the spot over his heart. "There is nothing ridiculous in that," observed the prince good-humoredly. "If we had been fighting in earnest the thrust would have killed me."

For dancing the prince never felt much predilection, but he learned to dance—generally with one of the queen's ladies-in-waiting for a partner. He hated polkas and waltzes to quick time, but could enjoy a waltz to slow time or a stately quadrille; and after his first appearance at a court ball, when he was eighteen, he spoke to the grand master of the ceremonies about reviving the minuet. His impression of this first ball does not seem to have been favorable, for he described it years after in a letter to Wagner as "all confusion, gasping, and stamping of feet."

Until he had attained his majority Prince Louis was scarcely ever seen in public except in the royal box at the Munich theatre. He and his brother were allowed to attend occasional performances of tragedy and opera, but they never figured in court ceremonies and very seldom at the court dinner table. They were also debarred, somewhat injudiciously, from talking walks with their tutors through the streets of Munich or any other town near which they happened to be residing. If they went to visit a museum they drove

* He once quoted to Count Charles d'Holstein the following anecdote about Lavater. The Swiss philosopher was giving a lecture at Zurich, when a stranger, who had been listening attentively to him, left the room. Lavater broke off in his lecture and said: "Gentlemen, my theories are of course fallible, but judging by them I should say that the person who has just left the room has his conscience loaded with some great crime, and from his features I should say that this crime was murder." It was subsequently ascertained that the person in question was Lillichorn, one of the officers who had joined the conspiracy for assassinating Gustavus III. of Sweden. He was living in Zurich under an assumed name, and Lavater had no acquaintanceship with him.

there in a close carriage, and very early on a summer morning before the shops were opened; so that in this way they grew up unaccustomed to the sight of the workaday world and to the hum of men's voices. A great deal of the king's passion for solitude in after life must be attributed to this early training. Residing always amidst enchanting scenery, he learned to love the silence of forest paths, and the beautiful prospect of hills, valleys, and lakes. He could sit for hours gazing at a landscape; or like the youth in Gray's "Elegy" stretch himself at noontide under a tree,

And pore upon the brook that babbled by.

One of his favorite walks was along the shores of that Lake Starnberg where he was to find death. Here he often sauntered with Dr. Döllinger, who discoursed with him about the glorious future that seemed to be awaiting him in this life; but without ever succeeding in getting him to define his aspirations. As Prince Louis was eclectic in his tastes and studies so was he without precise aim in his ambition. That his ambition had strong pinions and would soar high was the only thing clear, and Döllinger inclined to think that his pupil had the cravings if not the genius of a great commander. The prince loved to put on the bright blue uniform of the Bavarian army, to talk of "grand legions, fields of glittering bayonets, fluttering banners, and charging squadrons." Military marches in which there was much blaring of trumpets and clashing of cymbals* made him thrill and start to his feet. Still he would not or could not shape the visions that haunted him into words. His ambition was like that red spot which dances before the eyes of those who have been staring at the sun.

III.

CALLED to the throne by the sudden death of his father at less than a day's notice, Louis II. had served no political apprenticeship whatever; he had little experience of men, none of the world, and he was almost a stranger to his subjects. But few young sovereigns ever had so prepossessing an appearance or excited so much popular enthusiasm on their accession.

* At seventeen he made several attempts to translate "The Battle of Hohenlinden" into German verse. He produced an ode of some merit, but with a modesty rare in poets as in princes, tore it up, saying it was unworthy of the original.

Herr Edward Mantner, a well-known Austrian author, thus writes of his presentation to the young king in 1864:—

A little more than eighteen years of age, he presented a most striking appearance—he was indeed the most idealistic youth whom I have ever seen. His figure, tall, slight, and graceful, had perfect symmetry of form; his luxuriant hair slightly curled, together with the first light flush of beard upon his cheek, gave his head a resemblance to those magnificent works of ancient art in which we find the first manifestation of the Hellenic idea of manly strength. Even had he been a beggar he could not have failed to attract my attention; and nobody, old or young, man or woman, rich or poor, could resist the fascination of his presence. His voice had a pleasant sympathetic tone; the questions which he put were clear and definite; his subjects were judiciously chosen and full of spirit withal. His mode of expression was wise, easy, natural, and at the same time select—while his vivacious countenance intensified every new impression produced by his words. The charm which his appearance created has never been destroyed in me; on the contrary, it has been heightened, and the picture of the youthful monarch is still impressed in indelible colors upon my mind.

Abundance of testimony similar to this leaves no doubt that there was the making of an able ruler in Louis II. Unfortunately, the ministers in office at this time were a prosy set of men, who failed to develop in him any interest in his kingly duties. By way of teaching him to be a constitutional sovereign they instructed him carefully as to all the things which a modern sovereign must *not* do; and under this head were included all those spontaneous acts of grace and generosity which a youthful, kind, and chivalrous nature loves to perform. Louis II. granted pardons, pensions, and promotions with a profusion as startling to the recipients of these favors as it was to the ministers who had to ratify them; but by dint of remonstrances politicians made him weary of well-doing. Things reached their climax when the king allowed himself to be accosted in the street by a woman who threw herself upon her knees before his horse's feet, and obtained his promise of a pardon for her husband who had just been sentenced to a long term of imprisonment for fraud. Too high-minded to let his word be broken either in the spirit or the letter, the king ordered the man's release, in spite of ministerial protests and threats of resignation; but at the same time he had the candor to own that he had been wrong; and after this

the queen-mother persuaded him to leave the business of governing to his ministers until he had grown a little older. She trusted that when he reached manhood a happy marriage might bring him under the influence of some good and sagacious princess: an untoward fate, however, so willed it that at this juncture the young king was already falling under the baleful power of Richard Wagner.

Whatever may be thought of Wagner as a musical genius, he was not by his character or discretion fitted to be the mentor of a king young enough to be his son. The fanatics who see in his most cacophonious compositions the proofs of his sublimity are often also the idolatrous apologists of his egregious vanity, his puerile affectations, and his disorderly private life. Wagner was living at Vienna, in a style above his means and sorely worried by creditors, when King Louis, who knew his "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin" before ascending the throne, summoned him to Munich to bring out his new opera, "The Phantom Ship."* This was in 1864, and in that same year Wagner's "Rienzi" was performed with success at Cologne. There is not much to be said for "Rienzi," and "The Phantom Ship" is a far worse composition; but the young king—who had already studied the two pamphlets† in which the composer expounded his so-called principles, railing at all that is antique in art—was disposed to admire with his ears shut. He bestowed on Wagner an annual pension of £320 and a court appointment; gave him rooms in his palace, a seat at his table; and became his disciple.

Wagner used his good fortune with so little tact, spoiling his royal patron with flattery, putting extravagant projects into his head, and encouraging him to give arrogant answers to all who opposed him, that the king's family and ministers took alarm, and public opinion grew uneasy. Wagner wanted to have a new opera-house built in Munich, for the performance of his own works chiefly, if not exclusively. The architect Godfried Semper prepared the plans of a grandiose theatre according to his designs; and the site which the composer chose was the eminence which closes the Maximilianstrasse, and on which the Maximilianum‡ was then in process of erection.

* Tannhäuser was first performed in 1845, and Lohengrin in 1852.

† Art and Revolution (1849), and Opera and Drama (1852).

‡ A high preparatory school for civil servants, founded by Maximilian II.

The city of Munich very properly refused the site; and public feeling in the country ran high against the composer for his impudent request that the late king's foundation should be cleared away to make room for his theatre. Among the enthusiasts who noisily took Wagner's part in this dispute was Cosima, Franz Liszt's daughter, then married to Hans von Bülow. This lady was subsequently divorced and became Wagner's second wife; but at this time she was not his wife, and stories were brought to the king which offended the young sovereign's high sense of morality. With a heavy heart, Louis II. consented that Wagner should be ordered to leave Munich, and the composer's departure was officially announced on the 6th December, 1865, by a proclamation in which the king was made to assure his people that "their love and confidence were to him of the highest importance."

This forced parting with Wagner was the first great grief of the king's life. He felt it more than he had felt the death of his father, who had never been his confidant, and before long the separation proved intolerable. Letters took the place of personal intercourse, and among the treasures stored up at Wahnfried is a voluminous correspondence filling several boxes, which the Bavarian monarch addressed to the poet-composer. On leaving Munich, Wagner went to Geneva, and here he remained throughout the year 1866, during which time the king found no means of paying him a private visit, as he much wished to do.

It was the year of the war between Prussia and Austria. Louis II. had little to do with maintaining the traditional policy of Bavaria, which kept that kingdom to the side of Austria; but his own personal sympathies were strongly on the Austrian side. He was too young to command the Bavarian armies; this duty was intrusted to Prince Luitpold (now regent); but in six weeks the great war was over, and Prussia, victorious at Sadowa, had become the leading State in Germany, and destroyed Austria's hegemony altogether. It has been said that Louis II. felt a deep disgust at the ignominious termination of the war, and lost all pride in his army thenceforth. This is not true; but the victories which the Prussians had won by their needle rifles certainly produced in him a woeful disenchantment as regards the capabilities of personal bravery in modern warfare. He often spoke bitterly of the time when some nation

would invent a steam or electrical cannon that would mow down so many regiments per minute; and when Russia proposed the assembling of an international convention at Geneva to prevent the use of the explosive bullets invented by the Frenchman Pertuiset, he said: "*Cui bono?*" If battles are to be fought with machines, let us all do our worst against each other, till we get sick of carnage and come back to the time when nations will settle their differences by choosing each their champions who will fight hand to hand."

It may be added that Louis II. had a general abhorrence of firearms, even for sporting purposes. Receiving a splendid bear's skin as a present from the czarévitch (now czar), he inquired how the animal had been killed, and learning it had been slain with a cutlass, he returned to the donor a beautiful hunting-dirk with a golden hilt, and a damasquined blade bearing an inscription to the effect that the weapon was worthy to be worn by a sportsman who would despise all other arms.

IV.

IN the year after Sadowa, it was announced that Louis II. had been betrothed to the princess Sophia of Bavaria, younger sister of the empress of Austria. A few months later the match was broken off, and the princess has since become Duchesse d'Alençon. Marriages between cousins being most unsafe in families where there is any predisposition to mental derangement, this particular alliance was not the best that could have been suggested; but it is impossible to acquit Richard Wagner of having prevented the young king from entering into some engagement that would have been more suitable. The supreme egotist who knew how to cloak his worldly designs under pretence of an all-absorbing passion for art, had doubtless no wish that a wife should interpose her influence between himself and his crowned patron; and he never seems to have exerted his influence to provide for the king domestic happiness. He might have done so easily enough, for Louis in his infatuation accepted his words as those of an oracle. Leaving Geneva, Wagner had gone to Lucerne, and from the beginning of 1867, the king took to visiting him constantly. Riding on horseback and attended only by a groom, Louis II. would dash over the Swiss frontier in the night, dismount at the composer's door, and sometimes

stay for a whole week with him. Remembering that Wagner was at this time more than fifty-five years old, and a pretty shrewd man of business where his own interests were concerned, it cannot be supposed that he was unaware of the mischief that he was doing to the king, by encouraging these clandestine visits which withdrew the young sovereign more and more from State affairs. Nor can it be imagined that he acted without a set and selfish purpose in monopolizing for æsthetic disquisitions time, thought, and talents, some portion of which, at least, were due to serious matters. One cannot repel the suspicion that the elderly Wagner must have laughed yawning in his sleeve, after those long interviews in which his adroit flatteries were answered by ardent boyish vows of music-culture and celibacy — the purity of the single life being one of the maxims which the composer most fervently preached without practising. Wagner could afford to laugh, for the king gave him more than words — decorations, diamonds, money without stint, and whole-hearted worship.

Yet Louis was not insensible to feminine charms. In his twenty-second year he became deeply attached, it is said, to a perfectly beautiful peasant girl, the daughter of a small inn-keeper in the Bavarian Alps. The king met her and fell in love with her in one of his adventurous excursions amid the wild beauties of the Bavarian highlands. Her name was Rose, and she became known as "the Rose of Lindenhof." For a time it seems that she was unaware of her royal lover's rank; when she learned the truth, vanity turned her head, her ambition flew too high, and she was dismissed with a handsome dower. The king next formed a platonic *liaison* with a lovely opera-singer, on whom he bestowed a profusion of jewels; but what he liked in her was her voice, and when she began to abuse the power which she believed herself to possess in order to inveigle the king into a morganatic marriage, the connection came to an end. She was deeply grieved at this, and exhaled her sorrow in a short poem which contained lines that may be thus translated: —

Slender as a young fir, boy with the sparkling eyes and virginal face, you look as if a woman could lead you with a silken thread. But strong as an oak and cold as the king of forests in winter, no chains of steel or bands of iron would hold you.

Meanwhile the king's relatives had not

given up hopes of seeing him marry, and several match-making princesses endeavored to put their attractive daughters in his way. One who succeeded in such a scheme by intruding upon the king's privacy whilst he was walking in a garden, had occasion to regret her temerity, for the king flew into a violent rage, and the same day informed his mother that he intended never to marry. After this an estrangement arose between Queen Marie and her son. It came on gradually, and was chiefly caused by the queen's attempts to win away the king from Wagner's society.

Wagner returned to Munich in 1868. The public feeling against him had subsided, for his clandestine relations with the king during his exile were a matter of secrecy. He was summoned to superintend the rehearsals of his "Meistersinger," the first performance of which took place on the 21st November, 1868. Wagnerians from all parts of Germany had come to Munich for this performance, and at the end of the first act loud calls were raised for the composer. To the general surprise, he appeared in the royal box standing by the king's side, and remained there for the rest of the evening, bowing his acknowledgments by the king's desire whenever his name was acclaimed. Courtiers shivered at this breach in royal etiquette; but from this time it became evident that there was no severing the unlucky and unseemly bond between the king and the composer, and the bond grew, in fact, stronger than ever.

It mattered the less so far as Louis II.'s popularity was concerned, for he was soon to give proof of a kingly spirit which won him the approval of all the Liberals in the kingdom. On the summoning of the Œcumenical Council he energetically supported Dr. Döllinger in resisting the dogma of infallibility; and in 1870, on the declaration of war by France against Prussia, he promptly took the initiative of promising to King William the support of Bavaria. In both these cases Louis II. acted in opposition to the wishes of the Ultramontane party, who had a majority in the Chambers; but he had the mass of the country with him, as he had later, when he proposed that the imperial crown of Germany should be conferred upon King William; and again in 1871, when he not only permitted but patronized the assembling of the Old Catholic Congress in Munich.

This was the happiest period of Louis II.'s reign. He had endeared himself to

the Bavarian people, and to the whole German Vaterland. His subjects, reassured as to his capacity for asserting himself on great occasions, placed a full confidence in him, and politicians understood thenceforth that his personal authority must be reckoned with. As a consequence, the murmurs against his manner of living died out. Court festivities were given by Prince Luitpold and other members of the royal family, whom the king amply supplied with funds for this purpose, so that there should be no grumbling about dull times among Munich tradesmen; and occasional acts of mercy, charity, and generosity on Louis II.'s part were enough to remind the people that their monarch still lived, thought, and felt for them in their troubles, although he was not often seen in their midst. From this time, indeed, the king began to travel a great deal. While at Versailles, during the siege of Paris, he had been profoundly impressed by Louis XIV.'s palace; and he made several secret excursions into France to behold this wonder again, not to mention the semi-public visit which he paid to Versailles in 1875, when the fountains were set playing in his honor. He also made several flying trips to Italy, Austria, and Hungary, always with a view to visiting the most renowned palaces and castles; and it was in the course of these excursions that he matured his plans for building — not a multitude of castles and villas as public gossip had erroneously alleged — but one single palace of surpassing splendor which should survive as a perpetual monument of his reign.

V.

THE king's mania for building has been considerably exaggerated. The palaces of Lindenhof, Hohenschwangau, and Berg, which he most often inhabited, were not built by him, but enlarged and refurnished with admirable good taste. The money spent on these dwellings has not been wasted, for all of them will remain available as princely residences. On the other hand the building of the castle on Lake Chiemsee was a royal folly, just like the building of the Pyramids, and the creation of St. Petersburg in the midst of a swamp. If the Pyramids had been left half finished, if the creation of St. Petersburg had been abandoned because of floods and sinking foundations, people would have wagged their heads at the ruins as they will at those of the Chiemsee palace, the which if completed would have been admired and boasted of to all

time. It must be remembered, however, that the debts which the king contracted for this enterprise did not exceed £400,000, a sum which a few years of economy would have enabled him to pay off. Remembering what sums were lavished on Versailles, the Trianon, and Marly — how taxes were wrung from a starving people to pay for these palaces, and how thousands of wretched crown serfs had to rear them by *corvées*, that is, forced unpaid labor — Louis II.'s *folie** compared advantageously with Louis XIV.'s.

A much greater folly was the building of that huge theatre at Bayreuth for Wagner's glorification. Here, in 1876, the tiresome tetralogy of the "Nibelungen Ring" was performed for the first time, before the German emperor and a brilliant but not overjoyed audience. The cost of these performances, without reckoning the building of the theatre, exceeded £20,000, only a quarter of which was recouped by the sale of tickets. The rest of the expense was borne by the king, who by this time took it quite as a matter of course that the composer should dip continually, and with both hands, into his purse. Wagner required satin costumes to give him inspiration while he was composing — now scarlet, now grey, now peacock blue. Nothing would serve him but that his singers and songstresses on the stage should wear real jewels, sport armor of sterling silver, and drink out of precious Renaissance goblets. Unfortunately, while the king thus ministered to his foolish fancies, Wagner's music did not improve. He never composed anything to equal the "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin;" and royal patronage may be said to have been as deleterious to his genius as it was hurtful to the doting young king who bestowed it.

Most of the king's acts of prodigality were owing in some way to Wagner. Identifying himself with the character of Lohengrin, Louis II. loved sometimes to enact the part of that hero. Attired in a sheen suit of silver armor, and standing in a skiff drawn by a swan which moved by clockwork, he would glide over Lake Starnberg in the night while a *prima donna* sang to him from the shore. At other times he would sit on the battlements of the Castle of Berg, and watch the tenor Nachauer singing Lohengrin's part in the skiff. All this cost money, for tenors and *prime donne* never went

away empty-handed. Nachauer ended by receiving the king's suit of silver armor, and thousands of pounds were disbursed for jewellery and works of art given to songstresses.* The private performances of Wagner's operas also cost immense sums. These always began at about midnight, when the public performances were over, and every member of the company, including the lowest call-boy, got a substantial fee. It was not often that the king had private performances of any works except Wagner's; but once, the company of the Vienna Hofburg being in Munich, the king ordered a representation of Schiller's "Don Carlos" for himself, and the eminent tragedienne Frau Volter has published an account of what took place: —

The king's presence [she says] was not revealed to us in any way. The clink of an electric bell announced that he had entered the house, but we knew not where he sat, and we played under the strangest sensations to rows of empty stalls and boxes plunged in gloom.

The private performances became more frequent, and the king's hankering for solitude increased after insanity had declared itself in his brother. He and Prince Otto had lived on the most affectionate terms, although their tastes and occupations were different. Otto lived after the usual manner of rich young princes, and seemed fitted to enjoy long and robust life. The rapid decay of his intellectual faculties, which followed the first symptoms of his mental malady, seems to have frightened the king, who from this time often fell into a brooding melancholy, and shunned intercourse with strangers. He still went through the ceremony of receiving foreign ministers accredited to his court, but he had to nerve himself to these interviews by drinking champagne. There is no doubt that he drank more than was good for him without ever getting tipsy. His favorite beverage was a mixture of white Rhine wine and champagne, covered with fresh violets or rose-leaves. He occasionally smoked cigarettes, but more commonly a *narghilé*, and for a while he tried opium-smoking.

If Wagner had been the king's true

* The word *folie* was generally used by the French in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries to designate all pleasure palaces and villas.

* A disagreeable adventure happened to one of these ladies who was singing to the king in a boat. Seeing his Majesty much moved by her lay, she ventured to pass her hand through his hair. Indignant at this familiarity, which destroyed his illusion, the king gave her a shove which threw her into the lake, and Wagner had to fish her out of the water with a boat-hook.

friend, now would have been the time for him to act with all his might against the melancholy which was taking possession of his master's mind. It is pitiful to think of the sycophantic old man superintending the construction of the huge tank which the king caused to be erected on the roof of the palace in Munich for repetitions of that eternal "Lohengrin" performance. The king wanted the water to be blue, and a quantity of copper vitriol was thrown into it for this purpose. The vitriol, however, corroded the zinc of the tank, which one day burst and deluged the apartments below, causing great damage.

It was soon after this affair—that is about six years ago—that the king met with an accident, which nearly cost him his life. He had begun to turn night into day, and in one of his nocturnal gallops on a mettlesome horse, he was thrown so badly that he was never able to ride again. The effect of this was that he lost his slim figure and became corpulent. He also had to give up many of his wandering excursions on foot. At Kuffstein there is a small inn which he had been very fond of visiting, and where he had often spent two or three nights at a time, nobody daring to disturb his incognito. There is likewise a dairy farm at Shacken where he made occasional sojourns. The farmer pretended not to know who he was, and took care that nobody should accost him as king. If by chance some visitor fell in with his Majesty and spoke to him as to an equal, the king would enter into conversation pleasantly enough, but if any sign of recognition were made, he would turn away in ill-humor and seek fresh quarters at once. His sociability, when he was not pestered with obsequiousness, goes far to disprove the idea that he was a misanthropist.

Obliged to forego riding the king did not lose his nerve for rapid motion. On summer nights he took long and furiously fast drives in a barouche drawn by four horses, and on winter nights in a four-horse sledge. The correspondent of a Viennese paper, who last winter met the king in one of these night drives wrote of it thus:—

Hundreds of laborers are employed daily in keeping in order all the roads in the surrounding district, removing undue accumulations of snow or obstacles of any kind. The sudden appearance of the Royal sledge at night in some unexpected quarter seems like a scene out of a fairy tale. As it approaches it looks like a golden swan with wings displayed; within one may see the pale-faced king re-

clining on the richly embroidered blue velvet cushions. The interior is lit up by a soft but brilliant electric light, which illuminates everything around to a considerable distance. It flashes by the wondering spectator, who has hardly time to notice the agraffe of brilliants which adorns the artist's hat of the king, or the uniform of the young aide-de-camp who sits by his side.

VI.

THE death of Richard Wagner in 1883 threw the king into paroxysms of grief which lasted for weeks; but without unsettling his reason, as some have pretended. On the contrary, during the twelvemonth that followed his bereavement, Louis II. isolated himself less than before; he gave more frequent audience to his ministers, and applied some attention to state affairs. He is said to have discussed very seriously the advisability of extending to Bavaria the anti-socialist legislation which Prince Bismarck was inaugurating in Prussia. His own inclinations were adverse to repressive laws, but he entertained great admiration for Prince Bismarck as the restorer of German hegemony on the Continent, and ended by formulating an opinion in writing that Bavaria had better act as the chancellor desired.* After this, however, Louis gradually relapsed into his old ways, and, as though to banish haunting thoughts, gave himself up more and more to his fantastic drives and to his colossal scheme of palace-building. He would no longer hear music in his own palaces, for it reminded him too painfully of the friend he had lost. All the pianos on which Wagner had played in his hearing were locked up and covered with crape.

As it has been already said, Louis II. was, during the last years of his life, manifestly unfit to reign, but whether he became actually insane is another question. If he could have been simply deposed, as the eccentric Duke of Brunswick was in 1830, and sent to live out of the country where and how he pleased, he would probably by this time have betaken herself to China or India—countries which he longed to visit, and where he sometimes said he should like to set up new king-

* Louis II. had conceived a great antipathy towards the crown prince of Germany, who, as inspector general of the armies in Germany, visited Bavaria every year. The king would never receive him on these occasions, though he ordered that every hospitality should be shown him, and placed palaces at his disposal. Jealousy has been assigned as the motive of this aversion, but it is more probable that the crown prince having expressed some blunt opinion about Louis's mode of life, a whisperer had carried the matter to the sensitive king, and given him mortal offence.

doms under laws of his own. This yearning after fresh realms, and dusky, uncivilized subjects, appears to have struck the Bavarian mad-doctors as a very insane ambition, for they have gravely cited it as a proof of the king's dementia. With such gentlemen the hero of Locksley Hall would not have escaped uncertified. Other proofs adduced of the king's insanity have been his irritable use of a riding-whip upon a servant who had displeased him (just as if the great Frederic and his sire had never laid their canes on German shoulders); his having caused the death of a man by ordering him to try experiments with a flying-machine (here perhaps the Icarus was madder than his master); and finally, of course, that gold-absorbing palace on Lake Chiemsee — a monstrosity to doctors who cannot admit that a king of these times should have the same tastes as a Kubla Khan.* The fact remains that when it was found inexpedient to depose the king, and impossible to let him continue reigning, doctors were made to enter his service under the disguise of footmen and private soldiers, and so watched him for six weeks. It does not generally take so long to discover whether a man is mad. However, the certificate was signed, and Louis II. had no time to escape when at the eleventh hour some faithful servants warned him that his person was about to be seized. His liberty once taken from him, the king's imagination must have quickly revealed all the horror of the years that awaited him. That he should have preferred death to this fate may have been a final proof of madness, but it is not a self-evident proof. Nor is it altogether proven that the king did with premeditation destroy himself. It has been suggested that he may have intended to escape into the Tyrol by crossing Lake Starnberg in an open boat, for there was a boat moored a few yards from the spot where the king's body and that of Dr. Gudden were found in shallow water. It may be, therefore, that the fierce struggle between the king and the doctor on the water's edge, in the water, and under water, was a struggle for liberty, and that the death of both was accidental.†

* In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure dome decree,
Where Alph the sacred river ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.

† In conversation with a Bavarian diplomatist some wonder was expressed at the malcontent ascendency which Wagner had acquired over King Louis. "Oh," he said, "there are some men who have the power of bewitching! Wagner was the Gladstone of music, as Gladstone is the Wagner of politics."

From The Contemporary Review.
KING LOUIS OF BAVARIA.

WHEN, writing early in the present year, I spoke of the financial embarrassments of the king of Bavaria, and said that it was difficult to guess how the matter would end if the king was not forced to abdicate (vol. xlix., p. 287), I certainly did not anticipate that abdication would be followed by suicide — the first, I believe, which has occurred of a European monarch during recent centuries. The revelations which followed the premature death of Louis II. have proved that not only was he for several years insane, but that during his whole reign he had filled himself with ideas of his royal position which, unrealizable in a constitutional monarchy, were destined to clash fatally with the sober reality of facts, and just for that reason worked themselves up till they took the character of a perfect mania about his own greatness. The final catastrophe was only the logical result of what had preceded, but what was known only to the few who had the melancholy privilege of observing the progress of this tragedy. The dreamy nature of the prince had from the first rebelled against the severe discipline to which he was subjected by his father, and when, a youth of eighteen, he prematurely ascended the throne, he gave free career to his romantic passions, totally neglecting the duties of his position. Whilst Bavaria was engaged in the great political conflict which led to the constitution of the German Empire, the king was absorbed in Wagner's operas and their representation on the Munich stage with a hitherto unknown splendor. The war of 1866 broke out, and after Sadowa the Bavarian premier, Baron v. d. Pfordten, had to go to Nikolsburg to ask for peace, but he was obliged to do so on his own responsibility, and to sign a bill of exchange for the war indemnity of thirty million thalers without full power from his sovereign, who had retired to a lonely island and strictly forbidden approach to it. It was with the greatest difficulty that ministers at last forced their way against the injunction, and penetrated to the king in order to obtain his signature. It is true that in the great crisis of 1870 Louis II. at once sided with Prussia against France; but it is an exaggeration to ascribe to him the idea of resuscitating the empire. Unlike most German sovereigns, the king had not taken an active part in the war, but had simply sent his master of the horse, Count Holnstein, to Versailles in order

to compliment his victorious brother of Prussia. To this gentleman Count Bismarck explained the necessity of crowning the unity of Germany, established by treaties with the southern States, by conferring the imperial title on his master, an act which would most fitly proceed from the king of Bavaria as chief of the most important State; and he presented him with the draft of a letter to be addressed for that purpose to King William by King Louis, who followed the advice of the great German statesman, and faithfully copied the letter, at that time believed to proceed from his patriotic initiative. The reception of his victorious troops was the last public appearance of the king, who became every year more and more a hermit, living in mountain castles inaccessible to any one except personal favorites of the day, and was only on rare occasions seen by his faithful subjects. The sole attraction which Munich had for him was the theatre, the scenery of which was mounted with the greatest magnificence, in order to do full justice to Schiller's dramas and Wagner's operas; but the king did not like to be glared at by the public, and therefore invented those strange "separate representations" in which in a whole dark house he was the sole spectator, but which had the drawback of costing about £10,000 a year. His enthusiastic admiration for Wagner cooled somewhat down by the overbearing conduct of the master, although the royal purse remained at his disposal, and even in 1882, when Wagner went for some months to Palermo, he telegraphed to the king of Italy, asking him to have the great composer received as a prince of the blood. By-and-by the predilection of the king was drawn from the romantic school to the age of Louis XIV. Hitherto the figures of German legends had peopled his castles, he himself appearing as Lohengrin, in gold armor, drawn by swans and lighted by colored electric light; now the *roi soleil* became his grand ideal; portraits of the French king surrounded him; he built a state coach and a state sledge in the style of that epoch, of a gorgeousness unseen at any court, but which were simply for show; he went *incognito* to Versailles in order to study thoroughly its style; had those times represented dramatically on the stage; and at last resolved upon building a copy of the château on an island of the Chiemsee, but far outstripping the original in size as well as in gorgeous magnificence; the state bed cost

£25,000, and the toilet was of massive gold with lapis lazuli; worst of all, he had copied the Versailles pictures representing the devastation of the Bavarian palatinate, which even then provoked the indignation of Europe. It was this enterprise which brought about the final crisis. Although a bachelor, and living with a small household, his civil list of £200,000 had not for years sufficed for his lavish expenditure; and a loan was contracted, under the guarantee of the agnates, to clear off the royal debts; but the king, much above that vulgar art of making both ends meet, forthwith launched into fresh extravagant expenditure, and within a year had amassed a new debt of £300,000. However, the sums required for the construction of Herrenchiemsee soon exceeded even royal powers of borrowing; contractors were not paid, and at last filed bills in court against the civil list. For years the king had not seen his ministers; all business had to be transacted by his cabinet secretary, and the papers requiring his signature remained for weeks on his desk; then even the secretary was not admitted to the royal presence, and lackeys became the only medium of communication. Now, at last, in order to avoid the scandal of public suits against the civil list, ministers addressed a most urgent representation to the king, requesting that he should put a stop to his building; but Louis II. resented this as an attack on his royal dignity; absolutely refused to do so, as building was his only pleasure, and categorically asked that ministers should furnish him with the necessary funds. Thus an appeal to the Chambers for a grant from the public exchequer, in order to provide for the payment of the most pressing debts, became hopeless, and as the king in the mean time had addressed himself to several rich princes for loans, and as conclusive proofs of his insanity were fast accumulating (he, for instance, maltreated his servants, and signed death-warrants against ministers and other persons) the establishment of a regency became inevitable. Ministers have been reproached for not having taken the necessary steps for this purpose at an earlier period; but as the premier, Herr von Lutz, explained, it was difficult to prove that the king was really insane, for, as often happens with lunatics, he had lucid intervals, in which he could carry on rational and spirited conversation and correspondence. Besides, it is quite conceivable that Prince Luit-

pold, the king's uncle, who was to act as regent—the king's heir, his younger brother, being for years in a state of imbecility—was very loth to proceed against his royal nephew unless it became unavoidable. But now he was obliged to acknowledge that effective steps must be taken, and a commission was despatched with the awkward task of informing the king of the necessity of resigning. The king, highly incensed, had these gentlemen imprisoned in a room of his lonely mountain castle; but the next morning, when Professor von Gudden, a famous mad-doctor, waited upon him, he at once submitted, and was brought to Castle Berg, on the lake of Starnberg. There the royal tragedy came to an end. In the evening the king had taken a walk with the doctor, from which neither of them returned, and late in the night their bodies were found in the lake. It is supposed that the king resolved to commit suicide, and jumped into the water; that the unfortunate doctor, who had too much confided in the power of his personal direction, in vain tried to retain him, and was drowned by his master, gifted with herculean strength, who himself found the watery grave which he sought, unable to outlive his disgrace. Others think that the king intended to fly, drowned the doctor, who opposed that intention, and afterwards was unable to disentangle himself from the heavy clay ground of the shore. The true solution will probably never be known; it lies concealed under the green waves of the lake. Such was the end of the last representative of romanticism on the throne. Tall, handsome, and, like Saul, richly gifted, he appeared to be called by Providence to his exalted position to become a blessing for his people; but not knowing how to bridle his passions by the sense of duty and responsibility, he quickly lost all moral equipoise, melancholy clouded his spirit with darkness, and when his extravagant ideas of his personal pre-eminence were shattered by the stubborn reality, he, like that first king of Israel, came to an untimely death by his own hand. The stately funeral, at which the prince imperial and a host of foreign princes were present, showed anew the monarchical feelings of the Bavarian people; and the Chambers passed the Regency Act unanimously. Fears that the regent, Prince Luitpold, a man of sixty-five, and of simple, straightforward character, will prove less friendly to the empire, soon were shown to be unfounded.

From Good Words.

THIS MAN'S WIFE.

A STORY OF WOMAN'S FAITH.

BY GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

BOOK III.—AFTER TWELVE YEARS.

CHAPTER VI.

IN HER SERVICE.

NO, not even Julia—his own child—for that part of the letter was a commission for her alone to execute. After all these long years of absence he sent her his commands—he, the dear husband of her first love.

And, oh! the joy, the intense delight of being able at last to execute his wishes, to work and strive for him, following out his most minute commands.

It was a long letter containing few words of affection; but those she found studded through the ill-written pages, that seemed to have been the work of one who had not touched pen for years—a word that bore a loving guise, shining brightly here and there, as Millicent kissed it with all the fervor of a girl.

He said that he had not heard from her all these years, and that she might have written; that he had had to suffer fearful hardships, which he would not inflict upon her, though he was explicit enough to draw agonized tears from the loving woman's eyes; that he had had much to endure, mentally and bodily; that his health had been often bad; and so on, right through the greater portion of the letter.

It never struck the patient wife that Hallam barely alluded to her, or suggested that she must have suffered terribly during his long absence. He had left her absolutely penniless, after ruining her father and mother, but here was his first letter, and there was not an allusion as to how she had managed to struggle on for all this time—how had she lived? what had she done? how had she managed to keep her child?

Not a word of this kind, but it did not trouble the woman who knew all his pains and sufferings by heart, for she was hungering for news of him to whom she had blindly given herself, and the letter was full of that.

She did not wish to bathe her sorrowing face in the fount of her own tears, but in the fount of his, and she greedily drank in every word and allusion, making each the text which she mentally expanded in the silence of the night, till she seemed to be reading the complete history of her husband's life for the past twelve years.

Certainly he hoped she was quite well, and that little Julie was the same. He supposed she would be so grown that he should hardly know her again, but he hoped she would not have forgotten him.

He made but little allusion to his sentence. And here perhaps Millicent Hallam felt a little disappointed, for he dealt in no severe strictures against those who had caused his punishment, neither did he reiterate his innocence. He merely said that he supposed Australia would always be his home now; and that she was to part with everything she possessed, take passage in the first ship with Julie, and come and join him at once—he would explain their future when she came.

No word about the old people either; or the repugnance wife and child might feel to leaving home to go to a strange land to join a convict father—not a word of this, for they were his wife and child. He wanted them, and he bade them come.

Millicent Hallam knew that the letter was selfish in the extreme, but it was the kind of selfishness that elated her, and filled her with joy.

He was innocent; he had suffered in silence a very martyrdom, all these years; but she was still the one woman in the world to him, and he had turned to her to bid her come and chase away the cares of a cruel life.

Blindly infatuated, strong, and yet weak as a girl; foolish in her trust in an utterly heartless and selfish scoundrel; but how loving! Her young heart had opened like a flower at the breath of his love. He had been the sun that had warmed it with that wondrous new life, and it wanted something far stronger than occasional harshness, neglect, or the charges of man against man, to tear out the belief that had fast rooted itself in Millicent Hallam's nature.

Blame—pity—what you will, and then thank God that in spite of modern society ways, follies of fashion, errors of education, weakness, vanity, and the hundred biasing influences, the world abounds with such loving, trusting women, always has done so, and always will to the end.

One great joy seemed to take ten years from her life as she read and re-read that letter to herself, and to Julie, who became infected by her mother's enthusiasm, and at last believed that she was gladdened by the news, and sobbed in secret, she knew not why, as she thought of the time of parting.

But there was that one portion of the letter separated by two broad lines, ruled

evidently with the pen drawn along the side of an old book, the rough edges showing where the point of a spluttering quill pen dipped in coarse ink had followed each irregularity.

Here are the lines that Robert Hallam emphasized by a few warning words at the beginning, telling her that they were of vital importance.

"And mind this; by carefully and secretly following out my instructions, you will free your husband from this wretched, degraded life."

Could she want a greater impulse than that last to make her dwell upon his words and prepare herself to follow them out to the letter?

"He may trust me," she said with a smile, as she carefully cut these instructions out of the letter, gummed them upon a piece of paper, and doubling this, carefully hid it in her purse.

There was a poignant feeling of pity and remorse in Millicent Hallam's breast the next morning when, in spite of the way in which her heart was filled with the thoughts of their coming journey, the recollection of Christie Bayle's tender care for them both pierced its way in like some keen point.

"I cannot help it," she cried passionately. "It is my duty, and he will soon forget us."

But when he of whom she thought came that morning, looking grave and pale, her heart reproached her more and more, for she knew that he was not of the kind to forget. This knowledge influenced her words and the tone of her voice, as she laid her hand in his, and then passed her arm round Julie.

"Once more," she said, with a sad smile, "you are going in your unselfishness to help me, Christie Bayle."

"Are you still determined?" he said, with a slight tremor in his voice, which grew firm directly, even stern.

"Yes!"

"Have you thought of the peril of the voyage for yourself and for Julie, here?"

"Yes; of everything."

"The wild, strange life out yonder; your future—have you thought of this?"

"Yes, yes!" said Millicent Hallam calmly. "Can you ask me these questions, and at such a time?"

Christie Bayle remained silent, looking stern and cold; but it was a mere mask. He could not trust himself to speak, lest he should grow by turns piteous of appeal, angry and denunciatory of manner,

so fully did he realize the horrors of the fate to which this man's wife in her blind faith was hurrying.

"Do not think me ungrateful, dear friend," she continued. "I cannot tell you how in my heart of hearts the truest gratitude dwells for all that you have done. Christie! brother! I am again in terrible distress. This once more, you will be my help and stay?"

She approached and took his hand, raising it to her lips, feeling startled that it was so icily cold.

But the next moment a change came over him, his sternness seemed to melt, his old manner to come back, as he said gently, —

"You know that you have only to speak and I shall do all you wish; but let us sit down, and talk calmly and dispassionately about this letter. There I will be only the true candid friend. I do not attempt to fight against your present feeling; I only ask you to wait, to give the matter quiet consideration for a few days. It seems impertinent of me to speak of rashness; but before you decide to give up your little home —"

"Hush!" said Mrs. Hallam firmly; and the bright light in her daughter's eyes died out. "Do not speak to me like this. No consideration, no time could change me. Christie Bayle, think for a moment. For twelve long years I have been praying for this letter; from my heart I felt it hopeless to expect my husband's pardon. Now the letter has come, you ask me to wait — to consider — to give up this plan — to refuse to obey these commands. Of what kind do you think my love for my husband?"

Bayle drew a long breath, and remained silent for quite a minute, while Julia watched him with a strange wrinkling of her broad, fair brow. The silence was painful, but at last he broke it, speaking as if the question had been that moment put.

"As of the love of a true wife. Yes, I will help you to the end. Tell me what you wish me to do?"

Julia turned away her face, for the tears were falling softly down her cheeks, but they were not seen by the other occupants of the room.

"I knew I could count upon you," said Mrs. Hallam eagerly, and as if in hot haste. "I know it will be a bitter pang to part from where I have spent these — yes, happy years; but it is our duty, and I will not waste an hour. I am only a helpless woman, Mr. Bayle, so I must look to you."

He nodded quickly.

"My husband bids me part with everything that remains of my little property."

"Did he say that?" said Bayle drily.

"He said, part with everything, take passage in the first ship, and come and join me."

Bayle nodded.

"Then we shall pack up just sufficient necessities for our voyage, Julie and I; and everything else must be sold. I shall realize enough to pay our passage from my furniture."

"Oh, yes, certainly," said Bayle quickly; "and you will have to spare."

"And the ship; what am I to do? Oh! here is Sir Gordon, he will know."

There was the tap of the ebony cane upon the pavement, a well-known knock, and, looking very wrinkled and careworn, Sir Gordon came in, glancing suspiciously from one to the other.

"Not the time to call, perhaps. I'm not Bayle here; but I've not had a wink of sleep all night, thinking of that confounded letter, and so I came up at once to tell you, my dears, that it's all confounded madness. He — he must be out of his mind to propose it. I'll — I'll do anything! I'll see the secretary of state; I'll try for a remission — a pardon; but you two girls — you children — you cannot, you shall not go out there!"

Mrs. Hallam's eyes flashed at this renewed opposition; but she crossed to the old man, took his hand, and led him to a chair by the window, where she began talking to him earnestly, while Bayle turned to Julia.

"And so you are going?" he said tenderly. She gave him one quick look and then said, —

"Yes. It is my father's wish."

Bayle gazed down at her sweet face, then wildly about the room, as memories of hundreds of happy lessons and conversations flowed back. Then his lips tightened, his brow smoothed, and he said in a cold, hard way, —

"The path of duty seems difficult at times, Julie, but we must tramp it without hesitating."

"And you, too, will help me?" Mrs. Hallam said aloud.

"Any way, in anything," said Sir Gordon sadly. "I would sail you both over in my yacht, but it would be madness to expose you to the risk. Yes; I'll do the best I can to get you a passage in a good ship. Yes — yes — yes! I'll do my best."

He looked at Bayle in a troubled way, but found no sympathy in the cold, stern

face that seemed to be unchanged when they left together an hour later, each pledged to do his best to expatriate two tender women, and so send them to what was then a wilderness of misery — and worse.

"It must be, I suppose, Bayle, my dear boy?" said Sir Gordon.

"Yes; it must be," was the reply.

"I'm glad she says she will go down to Castor first and stay a few days with the old people."

"Did she say that?"

"Yes. It made me wonder whether she could be persuaded to leave Julie with them."

"No," said Bayle firmly; "they would never part, because he has ordered her to bring their child."

"Yes; I saw that. Ah, Bayle, it's a bad business; but we must make the best of it. Confound it all! why am I worrying myself about other people's troubles? Here am I, an old man, with plenty of money and nothing to do but take care of myself and make myself happy, and live as long as I can. I say, why am I pestered with other people's troubles?"

Bayle smiled sadly, and laid one hand upon that which rested upon his arm.

"Simply because you are a true man, that is all."

They parted soon afterwards, Sir Gordon to visit a friend in Whitehall, Bayle to speak to an auctioneer about the furniture and effects at the little house, giving orders to sell his own property to supply the funds for the voyage, and then to make a supposed further sale of funds to realize the capital which Millicent Hallam honestly believed to be her own.

CHAPTER VII.

THE OLD HOME.

MILlicENT HALLAM was closely veiled as she descended from the coach at the inn door, while Julia's handsome young face was free for the knot of gossips of the little town to notice, as they clustered about as of old to see who came in the coach and who were going on.

A quiet, drab-looking man had just handed a basket to the guard and was turning away, when he caught sight of Julia's face and stopped suddenly.

"Bless my soul, Mrs. Hallam! Oh! I beg your pardon," he stammered; "I thought — why, it must be Miss — and Mr. Bayle, I — I really — I —"

He could not speak. The tears stood in his eyes, and he stood there shaking

away at both of Christie Bayle's hands for some moments before he became aware of Millicent Hallam's presence.

"Only to think!" he cried; "but come along."

"We are going up to the doctor's," said Bayle.

"Yes, yes, you shall; but pray come into my place — only for a minute. My wife will be so — so very pleased to see — ah, my dear, how you have grown!"

James Thickers had become aware that his eccentric behavior was exciting attention, so he hurried the visitors up to his house.

"Your people are quite well, Mrs. Hallam," he said, hardly noticing that there was a curious distance in her manner towards him. "They're not expecting you, for the doctor was in the bank this morning, and he would have been sure to tell me."

Mrs. Hallam could not speak. She had felt so strengthened by tribulation, so hardened by trouble, that she had told herself that she could visit King's Castor and her old home without emotion; but as she alighted from the coach, the sight of the place and their house brought back so vividly the troubles of the past and her misery as Robert Hallam's wife, that her knees trembled, and, but for Julia's arm, she could hardly have gone on.

"Be brave," whispered a voice at her ear as Thickers prattled on. "This is not like you."

She darted a grateful look through her veil at Christie Bayle, almost wondering at the same time that he should have noticed her emotion. Once she glanced back towards their old house; and her heart gave a throb as she saw that there was a painted board upon the front, which could only mean one thing — that it was to let.

All feeling of distance and coldness was chased away as Thickers opened the door and led them in to where a plump, pleasant-looking, little, elderly lady was sitting busily knitting, and so changed from the Miss Heathery they all had known that Bayle gazed at her wonderingly.

The plump little body started up excitedly and then dropped back in her chair, turning white and then red. She gasped, and pressed her hands upon her sides, and then looked up helplessly.

"Why, don't you know who it is?" cried Thickers with boisterous hospitality in his tones.

"Know? Yes, James, I know; but what a turn it has given me! My dear —

my darling!—ah, I—I—I—I am so glad to see you again."

The little woman had recovered herself and had caught Mrs. Hallam to her breast, rocking her to and fro and clinging to her so affectionately that Millicent's tears began to flow.

Bayle turned aside, moved by the warmth of the faithful little woman's affection, when he felt a dig in his side from an elbow.

"Come and have a look at my goldfish, Mr. Bayle," said a husky voice; and with true delicacy Thickens hurried him out, and along his rose path to where the gold and silver fish were basking in the spring afternoon sun. "Let them have their cry out together," he whispered. "My little woman quite worships Mrs. Hallam. There isn't a day but she talks about her, and I'd promised to take her up to town this summer to see her again."

Meantime little Mrs. Thickens had left Mrs. Hallam, to make wet spots all over Julia's cheeks as she kissed and fondled her.

"My beautiful darling," she sobbed; "and grown so like—oh, so like—and—and—oh! if I had only known."

The reception was so strange, the little lady's ways so droll, that, in spite of the weariness of her journey and the trouble hanging over her young life, Julia had felt amused; but the next moment she was clinging to little Mrs. Thickens, warmly returning her embrace and feeling a girl's delight in the affectionate caresses showered upon her by her mother's simple old friend.

The stay was but short, for Millicent Hallam was trembling to see her old home and those she loved once more.

How little changed all seemed! A dozen years had worked no alterations. The old shops, the old houses, just the same.

Yes, there was one change; Mr. Gemp sitting at his door, not standing, and with movement left apparently in one part only—his head, which turned towards them, with a fixed look, as they went down the street, and turned and followed them till they were out of sight.

"How I recollect it all!" whispered Julia, as she held her mother's arm. "That old man who used to make Thisbe so cross. Walk more quickly, mamma, he is calling out our name to some one."

It was true; and, as the words seemed to pursue them, Julia uttered an angry ejaculation, as she heard a sob escape from her mother's breast.

"Hi! Gorringe, here's that shack Hallam's wife come down. Quick! dost ta hear?"

Bayle had stayed behind with Thickens to allow his travelling companion to go to the cottage alone, or these words might not have been uttered.

And as they appeared to come hissing through the air, Millicent Hallam seemed to realize more and more how Bayle had been their protector, and how she had done wisely in fleeing from the little town, where every flaw in a man's life was noted and remembered to the end.

"How dare he!" cried Julia indignantly; and her young eyes flashed. "Mother, we ought not to have come down here."

"Hush, my child!" said Mrs. Hallam softly; "who are we that we cannot bear patiently a few revolting words? If we were guilty, there would be a sting left."

The episode was forgotten as they passed out of the town, and along the pleasant road, nearer and nearer to the sweet old home. For Millicent Hallam's breath came more quickly. She threw back her veil; her eyes brightened, and her pale cheeks flushed.

There it all was, unchanged. The great hedges, the yews, the shrubs, and the pleasant rose and creeper-covered cottage, with its glittering windows, and door beneath the rustic porch, open as if to give them welcome.

"Yes, yes, yes!" cried Julia eagerly, and her voice sounding full of excitement; "I am beginning to remember it all again so well. I know, yes—the gate fastening inside. I'll undo it. Up this path, and grandpapa used to be busy there by his frames—round past the big green hedge, where grandmamma's seat used to be, so that she could watch him while he was at work. And I used to run—and, oh! yes, yes, there! Grandpa! grandpa! here we are."

Had the past twelve years dropped away? Millicent Hallam asked herself, as, seeing all dimly through a veil of tears, she heard Julia's words, excited, broken, with all a child's surging excitement and delight, as she ran from her side, across the little lawn to where that grey little old lady sat beneath the yew hedge, to swoop down upon her, folding her in one quick caress, and then, before she had recovered from her surprise, darting away, and off the path, over the newly dug ground, to where that grey old gentleman dropped the hoe with which he was drawing a furrow for his summer marrowfats.

The twelve years had dropped from Julia's mind for the time, and, a child once more, she was clinging to and kissing the old man, with whom she returned to where her mother was kneeling, locked in Mrs. Luttrell's arms.

"The dear, dear, dear old place!" cried Julia, with childlike ecstasy. "Grandpa, grandma, we've come down to stay, and we must never leave you again."

She stopped, trembling, her beautiful eyes dilated, and a feeling of chilling despair clutching at her heart, as her mother turned her ghastly face towards her, and her name seemed to float to her ears and away into the distance, in a cry that was like the wail of a stricken desolate heart.

"Julia!"

"Mother, dearest mother, forgive me!" she cried, as she threw herself upon her knees, sobbing as if her heart would break. "I did not think; I had forgotten all."

CHAPTER VIII.

JULIA SEEMS STRANGE.

It was as if that forlorn cry uttered by Millicent Hallam pervaded their visit to the old home. It was a happy reunion, but how full of pain! Joy and sorrow were hand in hand. It was life in its greatest truth.

The sweet, peaceful old home, with its garden in the early livery of spring; the fragrance of the opening leaves; the delicious odor of the earth, after the soft rain that had fallen in the night; the early flowers, all so bright, in the clear country air, to those who had been pent up in town; while clear-ringing, and each tuned to that wondrous pitch that thrills the heart in early spring, there were the notes of the birds.

Millicent Hallam's eyes closed, as she stood in that garden, clasping her child's hand in hers, and listening to each love-tuned call. The thrush that; now soft, mellow, and so sweet that the tears came, there was the blackbird's pipe. Then again, from overhead, that pleasant little sharp "pink, pink," of the chaffinch, followed by its musical treble, as of liquid gems falling quickly into glass. While far above in the clear blue sky, softened by the distance, came the lark's song, a song she had not listened to for a dozen years.

"For the last time, for the last time, good-bye, dear home, good-bye!"

"Mother!"

"Did I speak?" said Millicent, starting.

"Speak?" cried Julia excitedly. "Oh,

mother, dear mother, your words seemed so strange; they almost break my heart."

"Hearts do not break, Julie," said Mrs. Hallam softly. "They can bear so much, my darling, so much."

"But you spoke as if you never thought to see this dear old place again."

"Did I, my child?" said Mrs. Hallam dreamily, as she gazed wistfully round. "Well, who knows? who knows? Life cannot be all joy, and we must be prepared for change."

"And we must go, mother, away—to that place?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Hallam sternly, and she drew herself up, and seemed as if she were trying to harden her heart against the weakness of her child.

It had been a painful meeting, over which Mrs. Luttrell had broken down, while the old doctor had stood with quivering lip.

"I can't say a word, my child. I could only beg and pray of you to stay," he had said.

"And tear and wring my heart anew, dear father," Millicent had said in return with many a tender caress.

Then the old people had pleaded that Julia might remain; and there had been another painful scene, and the night of their coming had been indeed a mingling of joy and sorrow.

Bayle had been up to sit with them for a short time in the evening; but with kindly delicacy he had left soon, and at last sleep had given some relief to the sorrow-stricken hearts in the old home.

Then had come the glorious spring morning, and stealing through the garden, mother and child had felt their hearts lifted by the mysterious influence of the budding year, till all over, like a cloud, came Millicent's farewell to the home she would never see again.

Prophetic and true—or the false imaginings of a sorrow-charged brain? Who could say?

The stay was to be but short, for they returned that night by the coach which passed through, as it had gone on passing since that night when the agonized wife had sat watching for the news from the assize town.

"It will be better so," Millicent Hallam had said. "It will be less painful to my dear ones in the old home, and Julie, Christie Bayle, I could not bear this strain for long. We must finish and away. He is waiting for us now."

About midday, Bayle came up to the cottage, quiet and grave as ever, but with

a smile for Julia, as she hurried to meet him, Millicent coming more slowly behind.

"I have brought the keys," he said. "I found they were in Mr. Thickens's charge. May I give you a word of advice?"

"Always," said Mrs. Hallam, smiling; but he noticed that she was deadly pale.

"I would not stay there long. I understand the feeling that prompts you to visit the old home again. See it and come away, for it must be full of painful memories; and now you must be firm and strong."

"Yes, yes," she said quickly. "You will stay here?"

"Certainly," he said gravely.

"You are going out?" said Julia.

"I must see our old home again, before I go," said Mrs. Hallam, in a sharp, nervous manner.

"And I may go with you, dear?" pleaded Julia.

"No; I must go alone," said her mother in a strained, imperious tone. "Stay here."

For answer, Julia shrank back, but only for a moment. Then her arms were round her mother's neck, and she kissed her, saying,—

"Remember Mr. Bayle's advice, dear. Come back soon."

Mrs. Hallam kissed her tenderly, nodded, and hurried into the house.

Ten minutes later, as Julia was seated in the little old drawing-room at the tinkling old square piano, and Bayle was leaning forward watching her hands, with his arms resting upon his knees thinking—thinking of the boyish curate who, in that very place, had told of his first passion, and then gone heart-broken away, there was a quick step on the gravel, and he turned to see the dark graceful figure of the woman he had loved, her face closely veiled, and her travelling satchel upon her arm, pass through the gate, which closed with a sharp click.

"To stand face to face with the ghosts of her early married life," he said in a low voice. "Heaven be merciful and soften thou her fate."

He started, for as but a short time since Julia had heard her mother's audible thoughts she had now heard his; and she was standing before him, pale and with her hands clasped as she looked in his care-lined face.

"Julia—my child!" he said, wonderingly.

"I cannot bear it—I cannot bear it," she cried, bursting into a passionate fit of sobbing; and she fled from the room.

CHAPTER IX.

THE STRANGE QUEST.

"SHE be going to look over the owd house again, Gorringe," shouted Gemp, as he watched the dark veiled figure. "You mark my words; they're a-coming back, and he'll be keeping bank; and the sooner thou teks out thy money the better."

There was a strange echo in the place that made a shudder run through Millicent Hallam's frame as she turned the key; but she had nerved herself to her task, and though hands and brow were damp, she did not hesitate, but went in.

A quick glance told her that a couple of score pairs of eyes were watching her movements, but for that she was prepared, and, taking out the key, she inserted it in the inside of the lock, closed the door, and slipped one of the rusty bolts.

"I must be firm," she muttered as she glanced round the empty hall, shuddering as she recalled the scene on that night, and seeming to see once more the crowd—the fire—her husband struggling for his life.

"I will not think," she cried, stamping her foot, and placing her hands to her eyes, as if to shut out the terrible recollections; and an echo ran through the place, and seemed to run from room to room and die away in the great attic where Julia used to play.

No; she had not come to stand face to face with the ghosts of past memories: she had driven them away. She did not go into the old panelled dining-room, where she had watched for such long hours for her husband's return, neither did she turn the handle to enter the melancholy cobweb-hung drawing-room, or note that the papers in the chambers were soiled and faded and different, and that the damp made some hang in festoons from the corners, and other pieces fold right over and peel down from the wall.

No; she paused for none of these; but as if moved by some strong impulse ran right up to the top of the house, and stood in the great attic lumber-room, brightly lit by a skylight, and a dormer at the farther end.

Then, with her heart beating quickly, she took from her bosom the portion she had cut from Hallam's letter, and read it in a low hoarse voice.

"Go to Castor if you have left there, and get possession of the old house for a

day if it is empty. If not you must get there by some excuse that your woman's wit may find. As a last resource, take it, and buy the tenant out at any cost, but get there. Go alone, and take with you a hammer and screwdriver. Shut yourself up securely in the place, and then go up stairs to the attic where we kept the old lumber. There, on the right hand side of the fireplace, in the built-up wall, just one foot from the floor, and right in the centre, drive in the screwdriver with the hammer, and chip away the plaster. Do not fail. You will find there a little recess carefully plastered, and papered over. In that recess is a small locked tin box. Take it out, and bring it to me unopened. That box contains papers of vital importance to me, for they will set me free.

"Read above again. Strike in the screwdriver boldly, for the box is there, and I charge you, my wife, to bring it safely and untouched to me.

"Once more, this must be secretly done. No one must know but you. If it were known I might not succeed in getting free."

Millicent Hallam thrust the paper back in her bosom and stood there in that unoccupied room with a strange buzzing in her ears, and films floating before her eyes.

"I am choking," she gasped; "water—air."

She reeled, and seemed about to fall, but by a supreme effort she forced her tottering way to the dormer window, opened it, and the fresh air recovered her.

"Oh, for strength, strength!" she gasped, as she clung to the sill. "It is for his freedom, to save him I am come."

Her words gave her the force, and looking down, she saw that her act had been observed by those who watched the house.

That gave her additional strength, and, with a look of contempt, she closed the window, and was calm. Quickly opening her bag, she took from it a stout short hammer and a short screwdriver.

"I must risk the noise," she said as she drew off her gloves, and then, noting the spot described in the directions, she found the paper ready to peel off on being touched, and placing the screwdriver just where she had been told, she struck the end sharply, and stopped trembling, for the blow resounded throughout the house.

The cold sweat gathered on her face, and she began to tremble; but smiling at her fears, she doubled her gloves, held

them on the top of the screwdriver and struck again and again, driving the chisel end right into the plaster, through which, after a blow or two, it passed, and her heart throbbed, for there was the hollow place behind just as the letter said.

At that moment there was a loud sound without, as of a blow upon the front door, and she stopped, trembling, to listen.

No; it was the jolt of a heavy-laden springless cart, and as it rattled over the cobble stones, she struck again and again with quick haste at the plaster, and then, wrenching, tore out piece after piece till she could thrust in her hand, to utter a cry of joy, for she touched a tin box.

The rest was the work of a few minutes. She had only to enlarge the hole a little, and then she could draw out that of which she was in search—a black, dust-covered tin box about the width and depth of an ordinary brick, but a couple or three inches longer.

Her hands were scratched and bleeding, and covered with lime, but she did not heed that in her excitement. Raising the box to her lips she kissed it, and taking out her kerchief wiped from it the dust. Then she asked herself the question, what should she do next, now that the treasure, the sacred papers that should prove her husband's innocence, were found? It was easy enough. The box was light, as one containing papers would be, and would just pass into her travelling satchel. That was soon done and the strings drawn. Then there were the hammer and screwdriver.

She looked around. There was a loose board close by, easily lifted, and down beneath this she thrust the hammer, while a rathole at the base of the wall invited occupation for the screwdriver.

The plaster? the wall? She could do nothing there. It was impossible to hide that, and she stood trembling again. But who would suspect her, if any one came? She glanced at herself, brushed off a few scraps of plaster, and put on her gloves over her bleeding hands. A thought struck her; she might lock the door of the attic.

Again she started, for there was a sound below, a loud rat-tat at the front door, and she stood with her heart beating horribly till she heard the sound of racing footsteps and a burst of children's laughter. Some mischievous urchins had knocked at the door of the empty house.

Forcing herself to be calm again, Millicent Hallam felt the box in her bag, and asked herself whether she had fully obeyed

her husband's command and succeeded. Was this the box? She repeated the directions with her eyes fixed upon the spot from whence she had extracted it. Yes; there could be no mistake, she must be right, and, lowering her veil, she passed out of the attic with its littered floor, closed and locked the door, took out the key, and descended as if in a dream to the hall, where she paused to satisfy herself that her dress showed no traces of her work, and that the box was safely hidden.

All was right, and she drew a long breath.

And now once more came the tremor and faintness; the memories of the old place seemed to be crowding round her; and in the agony of her heart she felt that she would faint and perhaps all would be discovered. She fought this down, and another horror assailed her. She had come there like a thief; she had broken open part of the house and stolen this case which she was bearing away, and she trembled like a leaf. But once more her womanhood and faith asserted themselves.

"His papers, his own hiding, in our own house," she said proudly. "Robert, husband, I have them safe. I will bear them to you over the sea."

Opening the door with firm hand she passed out, the soft pure air reviving her, and she started, for a well-known voice said, —

"I will close the door for you, Mrs. Hallam. Forgive me for coming. You have been so long, I had grown uneasy."

"Long?" she said, looking at Bayle wildly.

"Yes; time passes quickly when we are deep in thought. It is two hours since you left me at the cottage."

It had seemed to her but a few minutes' wild, exciting search.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
LA FONTAINE'S FABLES.

THE interesting, if somewhat childish, game in which several of our leading statesmen, men of letters, warriors, and schoolmasters recently took part under the auspices of a London journal revealed, at any rate, one thing, that our knowledge of the literature of other modern nations is extremely feeble and fragmentary. One conspicuous absentee from the great majority of these lists — I do not indeed recollect having seen his name at all — was

La Fontaine. He is, in fact, a notable instance of how entirely in our estimate of a foreign writer we are wont to leave out of consideration the verdict of his own countrymen. Our fathers and mothers, perhaps more especially our mothers, had a considerable regard for La Fontaine; they read him and knew him by heart; and even we of this generation were probably at some period of our existence familiar with "La cigale ayant chanté tout l'été," and "Maître corbeau, sur un arbre perché," though as far as my own experience and recollection serve we never got much further than this threshold of La Fontaine's great building. But when we pass over to La Fontaine's own land we find a very different state of things. We find him occupying a position in the very forefront of French writers, among the first in the estimation of literary critics, almost if not actually the first in the affections of the reading public. Indeed, supposing our neighbors were ever to do anything so unlikely as to follow our example of drawing up lists of great writers, for the purpose of determining by a *plebiscite* an order of literary merit, and supposing everybody voted according to his convictions — another very unlikely contingency — I believe La Fontaine would come out at the top, even before M. Zola. For he has always been popular in France with all classes alike, with men and women and children, with gay men of the world and grave preachers, with classicists and romancists, with everybody in short but Rousseau and Lamartine, and Lamartine's faithful disciple, Victor de Laprade.

It was not till La Fontaine had reached his forty-eighth year that he published his first instalment of fables, consisting of the first six books. Hitherto he had only shown the fine quality of his literary genius. In the "Contes," published three years before, he had appeared as the successor of the mediæval writers of *fabliaux* and prose romances, and of their descendants, the joyous children of the early Renaissance, Rabelais and Marot, Desprez and Marguerite of Navarre; in his miscellaneous pieces he had taken up the note which Voiture had first sounded in French literature, that note of delicate wit and graceful persiflage which was destined to take the place of the old *esprit gaulois*; but as yet he had done nothing to show that he was engaged in the same work as his great contemporaries, as Molière and Racine, La Rochefoucauld and La Bruyère, that he, like them, had found that "for man the most interesting study

is man," that he, like them, was preparing to hold a mirror up to his age, through which all succeeding generations might look.

It was not then till the mature age of forty-seven, the age at which Milton thirteen years before had begun to write "Paradise Lost," that La Fontaine found where his true strength lay; and the marked superiority of his later fables shows that even yet he was working with somewhat of a prentice hand. It was not till ten years later that his genius shone out in its full brightness, that the world learnt the full capabilities of that apparently simple thing, the fable.

Two of the distinguishing qualities of Lessing as a thinker and a critic are tolerance and good sense; but whenever French writers are the objects of his criticism these qualities seem suddenly to desert him. It is therefore not surprising to find him quarrelling with La Fontaine for the form which he gives to the fable, and asserting that the only legitimate form is that of *Æsop*. This theory is about on a par with that which Lessing himself was the first to tear into tatters, the theory that because the Greek dramatists had adopted a particular form for their dramas that form was to be stereotyped for all ages; or with the charge against Béranger that he introduced too elevated a tone into the *chanson*; or with any other academical intolerance. When a poet chooses to write in a certain fixed form, as that of a *rondel* or a *sestine* or a *sonnet*, he is doing a poetical exercise, and must conform to certain metrical rules; but for a fable there is no more an established form than there is for a drama or an epic poem; and to insist that a poet shall be confined by arbitrary and unnecessary rules leads directly to academical art, which is no art at all. "Genius," finely says Coleridge, "is the power of acting creatively under laws of its own imagination;" and genius most undoubtedly La Fontaine possessed.

It is true that La Fontaine, in his delightful and characteristic preface, with a modesty half real and half assumed, professes to have merely versified *Æsop*, apologizing for not being able to bring to the task the elegance and extreme brevity of Phædrus — *ce sont qualités au-dessus de ma portée* — and says that, to make up for this deficiency, he has ventured to introduce more gaiety, an innovation which he was emboldened to make by a precept of Quintilian; but in spite of this, whether La Fontaine himself was conscious of it

or not, we cannot help feeling that he wrote fables, not because he had any wish to vie with Babrius and Phædrus, in versifying *Æsop* for France as they had done for Greece and Rome, but because he had something to say to the world, and found that the fable was the means of saying it best suited to his genius. It is not every man that hits at once upon his true vocation; many a man, conscious of a stream of activity within him, tries channel after channel before he can find an outlet, happy indeed if at last he find one. So La Fontaine had experimented in every sort of literature, in drama and *vers de société*, in licentious tales and mythological idylls, before he discovered that the fable was the instrument he sought.

La Fontaine has been as fortunate in his biographer as in his critics. The history of his life by Walckenaër gives us a complete picture of the man, and in this picture we can, I think, find a reason for the fable being the kind of composition best suited to him. Strangely enough in the main features of his character he is the exact counterpart of the Russian fabulist Krilof. Indeed, so alike are the two men that one could almost fancy that the spirit of La Fontaine had again taken up its abode on earth under the outward form of Krilof. Both men were absolutely incapable of attending not only to their own interests, but to their own persons; they wore their old clothes till their friends surreptitiously substituted new ones; the strangest stories are told of their absence of mind; the rooms in which Krilof lived were a chaos of dirt and disorder, and had La Fontaine not always lived with his friends, his no doubt would have been in the same condition. Yet these men, who in practical matters were so childishly imbecile, who in everything connected with themselves might have had no eyes for all the use they made of them, were in what concerned their neighbors gifted with the keenest vision. This vision, however, proceeded not so much from the outward eye, as from the "inward eye of solitude," the imagination. To the external appearances of men, to the peculiarity of this man's nose, or that man's forehead, which had so much charm for Balzac or Dickens, they gave no heed; it was the heart of man, the working of his moral machinery, that they delighted to study, and saw into with such an unerring glance.

Another point of resemblance between La Fontaine and Krilof was their constitutional indolence — not as regards their art, for they both worked up their fables

to the highest point of perfection, but in everything which required physical exertion, or indeed any exercise of the will. Krilof used to lie in bed till noon, and pass the rest of the day in dressing-gown and slippers. La Fontaine says, in the epitaph which he wrote for himself, "As for his time, he well knew how to dispose of it; he divided it into two parts, of which one he spent in sleeping, and the other in doing nothing." His thoughts seemed to be his master, rather than his servant; he often became so absorbed in the subject of his contemplation that a cannon fired at his ear would hardly have roused him: he once arrived an hour late for a dinner-party because he had stopped on the way to watch an ant's funeral. Indeed the looseness, not to use a harsher term, of his morality seems to have been due to infirmity of will, rather than to badness of heart; for, though to his extreme old age he led the selfish life of a man of pleasure, he never became an egotist, and when almost on his death-bed he made profession of repentance, his sincerity was never doubted.

It is partly owing to this constitutional indolence that the literary medium which he finally adopted was so especially suited to him. As Lessing has shrewdly observed, the chief advantage of the beast-story — four-fifths of La Fontaine's fables are beast-stories — is that the characters are known beforehand. Introduce Nero and Britannicus, says Lessing, as personages in your drama, and only a few readers will have a previous knowledge of their characters; but bring in a wolf and a lamb, and the youngest child at once knows that the wolf is cruel and the lamb is meek.

For a drama creation of character is absolutely necessary, and for this La Fontaine had no vocation; partly because, like Wordsworth, he might have said that "while other poets have labored to exhibit that which distinguishes one man from another, especially the dramatic poets, I have made it my concern to exhibit that which is common to all men;" and partly because this difficult feat of the imagination required the very thing in which La Fontaine was so remarkably deficient, a long-continued tension of the will. But in beasts he had characters to his hand, and so with their aid he was enabled to construct what he truly calls "une ample comédie à cent actes divers." The methods employed respectively by Molière, Balzac, and La Fontaine, the drama, the novel, and the fable, differ

widely from one another, but the work of each of them alike is, in Balzac's phrase, a "comédie de la vie humaine."

But, however much La Fontaine's laziness may have prompted him to write fables, he could not have written them successfully without his simplicity. In a beast-drama, to attain anything like success, the beasts must talk like beasts and not like men, and to do this they must be perfectly simple; the slightest affectation spoils the illusion. But simplicity is above all qualities the one which the poet cannot give to his characters, unless he possess it himself. Mock simplicity, or *simplesse*, as the French call it, is detected at once. It was real simplicity, the simplicity of a man who thinks nothing in nature too mean or too lowly for his contemplation, who can take example from the industry of an ant, or warning from the ambition of a fly, that La Fontaine possessed in an eminent degree. That this simplicity is a necessary requisite for a fable-writer seems to be shown by the example not only of La Fontaine and Krilof, but of Gellert, the most successful of German fable-writers, and the most simple-minded of men.

Further, La Fontaine could never have thrown the illusion he does over his animal world, had he not been possessed with a genuine love for animals. It is this, as well as his high poetical endowment, that gives him so decidedly the first place among fabulists. In the beast-fables of other writers the moral is too ostensibly the motive for the story; it is evident that the animals are only introduced for the sake of the lesson they convey. This is the case with Krilof; his morality is perhaps higher than La Fontaine's, his humor is possibly more subtle, but in his beasts as beasts it is impossible to take any interest. But La Fontaine not only takes a genuine pleasure in telling the story for the story's sake, but he has a real love for the animals whose doings he relates.

Nowadays there is happily nothing singular in such an attitude towards the animal world, but in the seventeenth century, especially in France, it was certainly singular. La Fontaine's first instalment of fables was published in 1668-69; in 1672 Molière's "Les Femmes Savantes" appeared on the stage, a play which shows us how thoroughly French society was at this time impregnated with Cartesianism. Now one of the doctrines of Descartes was that a beast was a mere machine, in no way differing from a watch, or any

other mechanical construction that has been wound up and set going. Malebranche, whose "*Recherche de la Vérité*" was published in 1674, though the mildest and most tender-hearted of men, used frequently to beat his dog, alleging that it did not feel, and that its howls were only currents of air driven through a vibrating channel. The Cartesian theory, indeed, is nowhere better stated than by La Fontaine himself, in the first fable of his tenth book, a fable which should be read not only for the exposition it contains of the question in dispute, but as a proof of the utter absurdity of the view which represents La Fontaine as a sort of inspired idiot.

But La Fontaine in his advocacy of his clients does not confine himself to abstract discussions; he adduces several examples of reasoning in animals, the partridge that pretends to be lame in order to draw the dogs away from her young ones, the building association of the beavers, and the strategical skill of the foxes in Poland; and then he has a story of how two rats managed to carry off an egg, and in another fable (xi. 9), which should be read in connection with this subject, he tells us of how an owl kept live mice in its larder by feeding them on corn, and biting off their feet so that they could not run away; and he exclaims indignantly (in a foot-note he vouches for the truth of the story) "And then to think a Cartesian can persist in treating this owl as a watch and a machine!"

It is this love for animals and close observation of their habits which enables him to describe their outward appearance with such graphic picturesqueness, a habit, by the way, which Lessing is pleased to consider as quite out of keeping with the fable. Now with other fabulists a fox is a fox, and a wolf a wolf, but in La Fontaine it is "le héron au long bec emmanché d'un long cou," and "Damoiselle Belette au corps long et fluët;" a cat is

Un second Rodilard, l'Alexandre des chats,
L'Attila, le tyran des rats;

and the swallow is described as "curvetting, skimming the air and the water, on the lookout for its prey, snapping up flies in the air."

Every one then who has a genuine love for animals may read La Fontaine's fables with profit and pleasure, without bothering himself about the underlying moral. But he who reads them in this way will miss their real value. "The fable," says

LIVING AGE. VOL. LV. 2848

the poet himself in his preface, "is composed of two parts, of which one may be called the body, the other the soul. The body is the story, the soul is the morality." Interesting though his animals are in themselves, the human beings for which they stand are far more interesting.

How true and vivid a picture La Fontaine's fables are of the age of Louis XIV. is most ably shown by M. Taine in his "*La Fontaine et ses Fables*," a book which, with St. Marc Girardin's "*La Fontaine et les Fabulistes*," is an invaluable guide to a study of the subject. The principal figure of the fables, as of the age, is the monarch, who appears sometimes as a lion, sometimes as an eagle, sometimes as Jupiter. It is, of course, kings in general, rather than Louis XIV. in particular, that are represented, but M. Taine truly says that La Fontaine could hardly help studying the character from the model he had before him. And of this model he took a most accurate gauge. Monarchy, as Louis XIV. understood it and practised it, is drawn to the life.

In "The Animals Ill with the Plague" (vii. 1), one of the very finest of the fables, when the lion confesses with regal condescension and frankness that from pure gluttony he had eaten hundreds of innocent sheep, and occasionally a shepherd, what a true expression of the age is the fox's reply! "Sire," said the fox, "you are too good-natured a monarch; your scruples are too delicate. What! to eat sheep, vulgar silly people, a crime? No, no. You do them, sir, in eating them, great honor." The whole of the fine fable "The Lioness's Funeral" (viii. 14.) is a biting satire on royalty. All the animals are assembled at the funeral of their late queen; amid the crowd of weeping courtiers the stag alone stands unmoved with dry eyes, for her late majesty had strangled his wife and daughter. A courtier hastens to inform the king, with courtier-like exaggeration, that he had seen the stag laugh. Terrible is the monarch's wrath. "Miserable dweller in the woods, you laugh, you do not join in these voices of lamentation. We will not touch your profane limbs with our sacred claws. Wolves! avenge your queen and sacrifice this traitor to her august shade." Fortunately the stag has a happy inspiration. He relates how the queen-lion had appeared to him in a dream and told him not to weep. "Miracle, apotheosis," cry the courtiers, and the stag is rewarded instead of punished. La Fontaine adds the moral, "Amuse kings with dreams; flatter them;

tell them agreeable falsehoods, and, however great be the indignation which fills their breast, they will swallow the bait, and you will be their friend." It is hardly surprising that a poet who could talk about kings in this ribald fashion should have been the one man of letters in France at this time to whom the patronage of the French Augustus was not extended.

With equal fidelity the other figures of the age are represented. The fox is the courtier, intelligent and supple, brave, when it is necessary, but preferring skill to force, chicane to honest dealing. The leopard with his spotted coat is the grand seigneur. "How many great lords are there, whose sole merit lies like the leopard's in their coats?" The bear is the country squire, the *hobereau*, rich but ill-educated and ill-mannered; blunt and honest but stupid and morose, like Sganarelle in "L'Ecole des Maris." The cat is Tartuffe, the religious hypocrite; "a devout hermit, a cat with an air of meekness, a saintly cat, sleek and large and fat." The owl is the lettered recluse, ugly and disagreeable, blind to what is going on around him, having eyes only for his books. The wolf is the outcast of society, the bohemian whose hand is against every man, but who is more often duped than successful in his schemes, and who if he had a chance given him might perhaps reform, only no one gives him the chance. We cannot help pitying the poor lean wanderer, for he has some good qualities, notably his love of independence, as in the fable of "The Wolf and the Dog" (i. 5.), where the dog represents, as he often does in La Fontaine, the dependent with a snug place about court, who cannot call his conscience his own. But for further insight into the numerous figures with which La Fontaine's canvas is crowded I must refer the reader to M. Taine. As he truly says, the fables have all the amplitude of the Iliad.

In one respect, indeed, they are a far completer picture of the age, for they deal with all classes of society. Homer was purely a court poet. Singing as he did in the palaces of the great, it was naturally of the deeds of their ancestors that he sang. Neither in the Iliad nor the Odyssey do we hear much of the people. If we would have a complete picture of the age we must also turn to the pages of Hesiod, and contrast with the glowing colors which enliven Homer's canvas the sombre tints of the "Works and Days." There is the same contrast between the France of the romances of chivalry and

the France of the "Roman du Renart," between the England of Chaucer and the England of Langland.

La Fontaine is a more faithful social historian; he has an eye for the people as well as for the nobles, for the woodman as well as for the courtier. And during the ten years that intervened between the publication of La Fontaine's first and second instalments of fables the contrast between the two extremes of society must have been as marked as in the days of Homer; on the one side a king, reckless of expense and blood, merrily carrying on war as if it were a tourney; on the other a peasantry ground down by taxes, for the sake not of their country's welfare but of one man's glory. It was in 1672 that the iniquitous war with Holland was declared, and in 1675 disturbances broke out at Bordeaux and in Brittany, in the latter province chiefly on account of the re-imposition of the taxes on stamped paper and pewter vessels. With the aid of five thousand soldiers the disturbances were soon put down, but the means adopted were stringent. Madame de Sévigné says: "At Rennes the soldiers have turned out of their homes a whole streetful of people, and forbidden anybody to give them shelter on pain of death, so that pregnant women, old men and children may be seen wandering about and weeping at the gates of the town, not knowing where to go, without food or bed. Yesterday they broke on the wheel a fiddler who had been leader in the pillage of the stamped paper; after this he was drawn and quartered, and his four quarters exposed at the four corners of the town." It was in the same year, 1675, that Locke went to reside in the south of France, and his journal is full of references to the miserable condition of the peasantry.

But even before the war with Holland had added so enormously to the taxes their condition was anything but enviable. In one of his earliest fables (i. 16) La Fontaine draws the following picture of a poor woodcutter: "What pleasure has he had since he entered the world? Is there one poorer than he in the whole round earth? Sometimes without bread, always without rest, his wife, his children, soldiers, taxes, creditors, and forced labor, make him a complete picture of misery."

But La Fontaine's fables are something more than a picture of contemporary society. They are truly "a criticism of life." The lion stands not only for the absolute monarch, but for every one who

exists only for himself. The fox is not only the bowing courtier, but the trickster in every walk of life; the ape is the flatterer and charlatan, the hare is the braggart, the fly represents fatuity, the ant industry, the sheep simplicity, the pigeon friendship. If we compare the general morality with that of *Æsop's* fables or that of the mediæval beast-epic, "*Reynard the Fox*," we naturally see a decided advance. The morality of *Æsop* is that of the mere worldly wisdom which we associate with the sages of Greece, and which is represented by such maxims as "Practice is better than precept;" "Despise no man;" "Persuasion is better than force." The sum of this morality consists, in short, in the two favorite Greek virtues, prudence and moderation. Similarly the morality of "*Reynard the Fox*" is the morality of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. The hero of the piece, who is not only the most prominent character but also the one on whose behalf our chief sympathies are meant to be enlisted, is the clever, brave, unscrupulous, cruel, cynical, superstitious, ever-plotting and ever-triumphant *Reynard*.

The morality of *La Fontaine's* fables is far higher. The fox has been snorn of his splendor, he is no longer the hero, no longer the bold vassal who dupes his feudal lord, and whose courage and ready wit challenge our admiration, but the cringing courtier whose lies and flattery excite our contempt. Brutal force and crafty cunning have ceased to be regarded as cardinal virtues. But this change in the moral standard is due to the age and not to the individual poet. *La Fontaine's* own attitude as a moralist is on the whole that of one who finds more folly in the world to laugh at than virtue to admire; of one who aids the cause of goodness by destroying what is corrupt rather than by fostering what is sound. The remarkable fable of "*The Companions of Ulysses*" (xii. 1) shows that he had no more exalted opinion of man than the other great moralists of the age, than *Pascal* or *Molière* or *Rochefoucauld* or *La Bruyère*. *La Fontaine* is, in short, a humorist. The chief feature which has been most generally noticed in his humor is its extreme good-nature, though *Lamartine*, in his well-known preface to the "*Meditations*," accuses him of exhibiting in his fables every symptom of a hard and unfeeling heart. With the general verdict in this case I fully agree, but it may be pointed out that *La Fontaine*, for all his good nature, had none the less a consid-

erable fund of gentle malice. His arrows are never dipped in venom, but he sends them home with the precision of a practised marksman. One has only to turn to those fables on kings and courtiers, from which I have already quoted, to be assured of this. He is often fond of indulging in a quiet side blow, when it is least expected, as in the fable of "*The Man and the Snake*" (x. 2.), where after saying, "At these words the perverse animal," he slyly adds, "It is the serpent I mean, and not the man—a mistake might easily have been made."

But *La Fontaine* is something more than a humorist. He is not content with showing the ugliness of vice; he can also depict the beauty of virtue, and when he does so, his gentle pipings are as clear and go as straight to the heart as the loudest clarion blast of the loftiest enthusiast; ay, and sometimes his note is as strong and brave as any of theirs. His scheme of positive morality is as simple as it is comprehensive, and may be said to consist of four maxims—Love your friends, Help your neighbors, Work hard, Trust in God.

Of friendship no one has written with greater truth or feeling. The fables of which the subject is friendship are among his masterpieces, and there is no wonder that the man who could write of friendship as he does was himself tenderly loved by his friends.

But it is not only our friends that he bids us love, he would have us love all men. Friendship leads to charity, and so we have the fables of "*The Lion and the Rat*" (ii. 11), and "*The Dove and the Ant*" (ii. 12), in which the lion and the dove respectively play the part of the good Samaritan. It should be noticed, however, that while the good Samaritan has no visible reward for helping his neighbor, the lion and the dove are paid back in their own coin. Help your neighbor, however humble, says *La Fontaine*, and some day perhaps he will help you. Help your neighbor, says *Christ*, for it is *God's* law—a precept to which *La Fontaine* comes nearest in the fable of "*The Ass and the Dog*" (viii. 17), where he says, "We must help each other; it is the law of nature."

It is chiefly in the seventh book (Fables vi., xii., xiv., xvii.) that *La Fontaine* impresses upon us the duties of trust in *God*, but he recurs to it in the fable of "*The Acorn and the Pumpkin*" (ix. 4), the first words of which are, "*Dieu fait bien ce qu'il fait*," and in that of "*The Lioness and the*

She-bear" (x. 13). Sometimes, indeed, it is under the guise of the heathen goddess Fortune that Providence is vindicated, as in the charming fable of "Fortune and the Child" (v. 11), and in that of "The Ingratitude of Men towards Fortune" (vii. 14).

But Providence, also teaches La Fontaine, only helps those who help themselves. "Aide toi, le ciel t'aidera" is the moral of "The Wagoner who had stuck in the Mud" (vi. 18). The dignity of labor is proclaimed in "The Two Adventurers and the Talisman" (xv. 14), in "The Merchant, the Gentleman, the Shepherd, and the King's Son" (x. 16), and in the well-known fable of "The Laborer and his Children" (v. 9).

Though the chief subject of La Fontaine's poetry is man, the other half of poetry's domain, nature, is by no means neglected by him, as it is by all the other French writers of the seventeenth century. His feeling towards nature is that of one who delights in trees and flowers, in cool streams and pure air, without caring to moralize about them; a feeling which he expresses not so much by direct allusions to nature as by the general perfume of the country which pervades his poetry. His theatre, like Shakespeare's, is open to the sky, and has nature for its background. Part of his delight in nature arose from the classical memories which it suggested to him. As he wandered amid the smiling and peaceful scenery round Chateau Thierry, or looked upon one of the bright vistas of river and forest with which the outskirts of Paris abound, he remembered the passages of his favorite poets that had been inspired by similar scenes, and then with his imagination kindled partly by the landscape before him, partly by the verses that were ringing in his ears, he would break into passages such as this: "Places that I have ever loved, shall I never, far from the noisy world, enjoy the shade and fresh air! Oh, who will bid me rest in your dark retreat!" (xii. 20).

The passage just quoted has not the slightest connection with the story of the fable in which it appears, but it is one of La Fontaine's most charming characteristics, that he is perpetually intruding his own personality. Judged, indeed, by the strict rules of art the dramatist and the narrative poet alike — and La Fontaine is both — should always keep himself in the background. But just as La Fontaine was a man of pleasure without being an egotist, so does his poetry abound with personal allusions without there being a

single allusion that we would wish absent. The secret is, first, that he is always natural, that he is never a *poseur*, like Chateaubriand or Byron; and secondly that he never makes any direct or importunate demands upon our sympathies; and therefore just as in society he was popular wherever he went, so in his poetry his presence is always acceptable. We listen gladly to his gentle babblings as we do to those of a little child, or to those of our own Herrick as he tells us about his cocks and hens.

The only trait in La Fontaine's character that is out of harmony with his perfect *bonhomie* is his dislike of children. "Un fripon d'enfant (cet âge est sans pitié)" is his expression in the fable of "The Two Pigeons;" and elsewhere he says, "You, whoever you are, who are father of a family — and I have never envied you that honor." But in "Philemon and Baucis" (xii. 28), he for once speaks in a different key. After relating the change of the aged couple into trees, and the popular belief that if a married couple sat but for an instant under their shade they would love one another till the end of their days, he touchingly adds, —

Ah! si — mais autre part j'ai porté mes présents.

It remains to say a few words on what is almost beyond the province of a foreigner, La Fontaine's style. In the first place we must at once dismiss the idea which is about on a par with the "inspired idiot" theory, that La Fontaine, because he disliked active exertion, wrote off his verses without any trouble *stans pede in uno*. It is true that his style has the appearance of perfect artlessness, but it is the artlessness of perfect art. The same mistake has been made about Herrick, but it is another point of resemblance between the two poets; indolent, pleasure-loving men though they were, they took infinite pains in polishing their verses. In La Fontaine's case we have only to compare the first sketch, found by Walckenaër, of the fable of "The Fox, the Flies, and the Hedgehog" with the form which it finally took, to see how he returned upon his work and how enormously he improved it by revision.

The secret of the charm of his style and of his universal popularity is its happy blending of the old French spirit with the classical spirit. "C'est la fleur de l'esprit gaulois avec un parfum d'antiquité," says Geruzez. Although the rich stores of the earlier French literature were not open to

him, he was saturated with the literature of the first half of the sixteenth century; his favorite French authors were Rabelais and Marot. Thus his fables abound with quaint words and expressions, which from their wonderful power of calling up a picture before us are invaluable as political currency. I have already mentioned the skill with which in a few words he hits off the portraits of his animals, portraits as finished and lifelike as those of Balzac, with their pages of description. But whatever the subject, La Fontaine's painting is always equally vivid. Take a single instance, the magnificent description of the peasant from the Danube: "His chin grew a thick beard; his hairy person was like a bear, an unlicked bear; his eyes were hidden under shaggy eyebrows, his vision was crooked, his nose misshapen, his lips thick; he wore a cap of goat's hair and a belt of seaweed" (xi. 7). As Madame Sévigné says of another of the fables, *c'est peint*.

But had La Fontaine been merely the successor of Marot and Rabelais, he would never have attained this power, and far less would his style have come down to us as a model of perfection and grace. If we compare his fable of "The Woodcutter and Mercury" with the original story in Rabelais (the comparison between the two is admirably worked out by M. Taine), we see at once the difference between the crude exaggeration of the still mediæval prose-writer and the harmonious finish of the modern poet. It is the difference between a Filippo Lippi and a Raphael. In classical literature, indeed, Rabelais was far more deeply read than La Fontaine, but he never caught the classical spirit. La Fontaine on the other hand was beyond any of his contemporaries, excepting perhaps Fénelon, a child of Greece, a nursling of Parnassus; and thus he was enabled to instil into his art that exquisite perfume of Greek beauty and Greek moderation which is so conspicuously absent in Rabelais's grosser handiwork. It was, however, only by degrees that La Fontaine was led to a study of the true models of style. At first he took Voiture for his master: "I once took a certain author for my master. He nearly spoilt me. But luckily, thanks to the gods, Horace opened my eyes."

Another of his favorite authors was Terence, perhaps the best example among the Latins of a perfectly pure and natural style. But he was not content to imbibe the Greek spirit through Latin channels, however clearly it might flow in them; he

drank it from the fountain-head, from the divine Plato himself: "Among the wise men and sages of our century shall I find one who comes near Plato?" And so thoroughly did the draught penetrate his veins, that of him, as of Plato, it might be said that his words seem to have grown in their places. Thus he was enabled to write lines like the following:—

Conti me parût lors mille fois plus légère
Que ne dansent aux bois la nymphe et la bergère;
L'herbe l'aurait portée; une fleur n'aurait pas
Reçu l'empreinte de ses pas;
Elle semblerait raser les airs à la manière
Que les dieux marchent dans Homère;*

and to say of a woman's cheek growing pale with sorrow:—

Bientôt le lis l'emporta sur la rose;

But the grace of La Fontaine's style is too well known to need further illustration. I will rather give an instance or two of what perhaps may have escaped some readers, his power of writing in what Mr. Matthew Arnold calls the grand style of poetry. What can be grander, for instance, than this description of an oak, from "The Oak and the Reed" (i. 22): †

Celui de qui la tête était au ciel voisine,
Et dont les pieds touchaient à l'empire des morts,

Or this phrase, from the noble fable of "The Shepherd and the King" (x. 10): "Let us come out of this rich palace as one would come out of a dream." Or the close of "The Mockers and the Fish" (viii. 8):—

Un monstre assez vieux pour lui dire
Tous les noms des chercheurs de mondes inconnus

Qui n'en étaient pas revenus;
Et que depuis cent ans sous l'abîme avaient
vus

Les anciens du vaste empire.‡

Or the whole of the splendid fable of "The Peasant of the Danube" (xi. 8).

But when we have said that La Fontaine's style is a happy blending of the sensuousness of the Gaul with the grace and harmony of the Greek, we have not

* Conti seemed to me then a thousand times lighter than the nymphs and shepherdesses when they dance in the woods; a blade of grass would have borne her; a flower would not have felt the imprint of her steps; she seemed to skim the air, after the manner of the gods in Homer.

† This fable is said to have been the poet's favorite.

‡ A monster old enough to tell him all the names of the explorers of unknown continents who had left their bones there, and who for centuries beneath the abyss had been seen by the ancient inhabitants of the vast empire of the sea.

said nearly all. Another great secret of its infinite charm is its unceasing variety. Like a butterfly flitting from flower to flower (the comparison is La Fontaine's own), it passes from grave to gay, from the most concise brevity to the most delicious redundancy, from the most exquisite metaphor to the most homely directness. As an instance of brevity, take the opening of "The Old Man and the Three Young Men" (xi. 8): "An octogenarian was planting trees. Build perhaps, but to think of planting at that age, exclaimed three youngsters of the neighborhood, surely he must be out of his mind!"

But analyze the style of La Fontaine as we will, there will always remain something which it is impossible to seize. As the butterfly of Parnassus, to which he compares himself, he is gone like a bright vision, before the dull eye of criticism can distinguish anything but the movement of his wings. He is a master not only of style, but of versification. On this delicate question I do not pretend to an opinion. If it is impossible to judge correctly of the style of a writer with whose language one is imperfectly acquainted, it is still more impossible to judge of his rhythm. Let us listen however to what M. Théodore de Banville, the veteran versifier, has to say on the subject. After noticing the theory that La Fontaine produced his fables as a field produces corn-cobles and daisies, he goes on to say:—

It is not on this point, alas! that you can deceive a versifier by profession, who can appreciate the formidable efforts required for the creation of the *vers libre*, in which the ordinary reader sees nothing but a succession of unequal verses put together without rule at the caprice of the poet. This intricate blending of all rhythms, in which the clothing of the thought changes with the thought itself, and which is wrought into harmony by the prodigious force of the movement, is the last word of the most learned and complicated art, the difficulties of which make one dizzy only to look at.*

And of La Fontaine's rhythm he says:

It is like a dancing Muse who follows the poet's song, changing her instrument according to the requirements of the thought, now taking the rattle or the lute or the simple reed-pipe, now sounding the tambourine or the castanets of gold.

M. de Banville writes, as it is well that one poet should write of another, with enthusiasm; but to arrive at a true estimate of La Fontaine's merits as a versifier, we

must take into account what M. de Banville says at the beginning of his volume, namely, that La Fontaine's instrument, the versification of his age, was a miserably bad one, which no one but giants, such as he and Molière and Corneille, could have handled with any effect. The vast improvement which the romantic school has introduced into the art of versification consists firstly in the adoption of a greater variety in the length of their verses, all lengths from one foot to thirteen being now admissible; and secondly, in a stricter attention to rhyme, shown not only by the choice of richer rhymes but by the complicated arrangement of them called a strophe. La Fontaine's rhyming may be somewhat faulty according to the stricter law of the modern school; but in the matter of variety, in the length of his verse, and in the management of the strophe, it is evident that he is not only far in advance of any French poet between Ronsard and Victor Hugo, but that he has little to learn even from the most brilliant of modern versifiers.

In conclusion then, may we not say that if La Fontaine has neither the high seriousness of the great masters, nor the passion and fulness of song of the genuine lyric singers, there is, short of this, hardly any poetic quality which he does not possess? Knowledge of man, sympathy with men and nature, humor, pathos, artistic skill, all these are his in abundance; and above all he has that supreme quality without which no artist can attain to the front rank, a creative imagination, the creations of which are never blurred or indistinct, but stand forth in visible reality clear against the horizon, not mere reflections of their creator's mind, but absolute living shapes. It is this quality which justifies us in ranking La Fontaine, not only as supreme in his own line, not only as the prince of fabulists, but as a great poet, who, if not equal to the greatest, is at any rate of their race.

ARTHUR TILLEY.

From The Fortnightly Review.
GREEK PEASANT LIFE.

WHILST wandering for several winters amongst the peasants who sparsely inhabit the islands of the Ægean Sea, I have been enabled to collect much from their daily life and agricultural pursuits which bears the impress of having been directly inherited from antiquity. Reli-

* Petit Traité de Poésie française (La Fontaine).

gious observances have preserved, perhaps, more that is old, but this has been the case everywhere and in every age. I now propose to treat more especially the daily routine of the Greek peasant's life. This primitive pastoral life may be studied in the Archipelago in either of two ways, by visiting the tiny islets inhabited only by one or two families of shepherds, whose intercourse with the outer world for generations has been exceedingly limited, or by penetrating into the mountain villages of some of the larger islands.

In my wanderings I have visited several of those tiny islets, but of all these none to my mind offered such a complete picture of patriarchal life as did a low, bleak islet some twenty miles off the coast of Asia Minor, rejoicing in the name of Donkey's Island (Gatharonisi). It is inhabited only by one family, at the head of which is a very aged patriarch indeed, called George, who rules over twenty-two subjects, that is to say, his wife, six sons, seven daughters, and the families of three married sons and one married daughter. Only one daughter is married, it must be noticed; the other six by a custom existing in these remote corners of the world are doomed to single blessedness, for here the matriarchal system is still in existence—the eldest daughter inherits all, whilst the sons and younger daughters have to look after themselves. Consequently, a husband was easily found for old George's eldest daughter from the neighboring island of Patmos, who was content to leave his home with a view to succeeding his father-in-law in Donkey's Island. The family here have everything in common; on feast days they all eat together. Day after day the women sit together at their work, sorting grain on low tables, or plying their distaffs; whilst the men tend the five hundred goats which form old George's flock, or till the soil which produces just enough grain and just enough of everything for the wants of the islanders. They possess one caique, in which they visit from time to time the villages of the neighboring islands, to sell their cheeses and salted dairy produce. This is their only communication with the outer world, and on their return journey they bring back various European productions, with which to delight their womankind, and barrels of water, for Donkey's Island has no wells, and water for drinking purposes has to be fetched from without. Once a year the Turkish tax-collector pays them a visit, and ex-

torts from them so much money that they can barely live. Old George is the very picture of a patriarch, with his brown homespun clothes, untanned pigskin shoes, and long grey beard, as he sits basking in the sun before his cottage. His word is law on Donkey's Island, and his sons dare not so much as smoke in his presence. The various families live in a cluster of wretched hovels, adjoining which is the dairy and enclosure for the goats. After the morning milking they put the milk into large cauldrons, underneath which they light a brushwood fire; as it thickens they take out the curd with a reed basket, shaped like a jelly-bag, and then press it into the *tyrobolion*, or wicker basket, exactly like the *tyrobolia* or cheese-baskets described by Homer in the *Odyssey*. From this basket the cheese gets a pretty pattern outside; it is then salted, and is ready for sale. Into the boiling whey, when the cheese is all made, they cast a little more milk, and the curd of this makes what they call *myzethra*, delicious when eaten fresh with a little honey to sweeten it, as we had it in Donkey's Island—"food for the gods," as they often call it. All their implements are primitive; large gourds are used for milking, the seething cauldron is stirred whilst the milk is thickening with a large vine branch (*ραπαρτίς*), with the tendrils knotted together at one end. The spoon for stirring and skimming the *myzethra* is made of a vine tendril, twisted round and plaited with esparto grass. They are very pious, too, and never begin to extract the curd without making the sign of the cross three times over the cauldron with this spoon.

There is one little church in a remote corner of the island, and once a year a priest is brought from Samos to "make a liturgy" therein, and to do anything in the way of baptisms or exorcisms that may be required of him. He usually remains several days on the island, and his duties are many, for the performance of which he receives a handsome sum, equivalent to four pounds. Probably in England he would be ducked in a horsepond as a sorcerer, but in remote corners of Greece the priests are poor and the people credulous, so they are glad to earn an honest penny by incantations. The priest who visits Donkey's Island assists the islanders in their endeavors to keep the eagles from their flocks, by binding to a tree various silken knots, and muttering strange incantations as he does so, which generally depict Christ and the Saints at

supper. During the meal Christ notices that St. Mammias, the modern Pan, the protector of flocks, is weeping and refusing food; and on being asked why, he replies, "Because the eagles have carried off a kid." Then Christ tells him to bind silk to a tree "that the bird's beak and talons may be bound." Binding is the spirit of the modern Greek charm. They bind diseases to trees; they bind fleas, bugs, and lice outside their houses, or rather they make ineffectual attempts to do so; and the shepherds of Donkey's Island are careful to bind beneath the knee of a ram or he-goat the bone of a fish or hare, which they believe is effectual in preventing the offspring from being carried off by robbers. The priest before he takes his departure is called upon to bless the flocks and the crops, to exorcise rats, mice, and other vermin from the barn; in fact, his £4 is well earned.

Old Eirinió, the aged wife of the patriarch, is the recognized physician of the community; and during our stay on Donkey's Island we heard from her lips many wonderful charms. She reminded us forcibly of the sorceress Simatha, as described by Theocritus, who could reveal the future from the flutterings of birds, and weave spells to bring back a faithless lover. She has her own peculiar cures for all diseases, for the spleen, for the chest, for fevers, and if she does not understand the nature of the ailment she says it comes from the evil eye, and in this case, says she, "you must take a basin and fill it with sea or salt water, go down to the shore, and pour it into the sea; then fill it again forty times, and as you go away walk backwards, sprinkling handfuls of the water around you as you do so, and the evil will be cured." One day she told us, in solemn tones, how once their flocks had been bewitched by those uncanny night birds which they call *σκατοπούλια*, and which are supposed to have been hatched by a witch, by keeping the eggs in her bosom for forty days. They fly only at night, and I strongly suspect they are bats, but when they settle on a house the milk leaves the udders of the flocks of the owners, and is transported to those that the witch wishes to fill. When this calamity befell the Donkey Islanders they straightway sent to Samos for a priest, regardless of expense.

Then again, I spent some time in a shepherds' village on the island of Karpathos, high up amongst the mountains. Karpathos is perhaps the most isolated of the larger islands, being situated be-

twixt Crete and Rhodes, from which it is divided by two dangerous seas only to be crossed in small sailing-boats. The shepherds' village we visited is in the most remote corner of this island, with lovely views around and panoramas on all sides over the island-dotted sea. The shepherds speak a dialect rich in old classical words which have survived here alone. Their mules they call their "possessions," and they are ignorant of the word usually made use of by the modern Greeks; their goats they call their "thousands," a word suggestive at once of patriarchal life, and flocks which could not be counted for multitude. These goats are classified according to their distinctive marks, and in the names used to distinguish these classes we found words which appear now only in Liddell and Scott. The shepherds and their families for the greater part of the year dwell in caves high up in the mountains, and die in them like their goats, with this difference only, that their friends do not allow their bones to bleach in the sun, though they inter them without any religious ceremony; they wait over them a great deal and wait for the religious part of the business until a priest chances to pass that way. For the three months of winter they reside in the village, which is composed of small homesteads or *mandras*, probably like that in which the herd of Ulysses dwelt in Ithaca. Each house is a low cabin, to enter which you have to stoop, and consists of one room only, where cattle and people live together. It is built of large stones without cement, and through the cracks the north wind whistles horribly. Across the roof is a beam, the top of which serves as the cupboard. There is a place for a fire, but no outlet for smoke; some brushwood laid on stones is the family bed, and the floor in wet weather is inches deep in slush and filth. The summer spent in the caves and in the open air must be a delightful change from this. Sometimes you may see a serpent in these cottages, which is never disturbed, but deemed the *genius loci*, just as in ancient days if a serpent was found in a house an altar was erected to it, and it was esteemed a symbol of happiness, and there are invisible serpents too, they say, which bring good when blessed, but when driven away by neglect cause the destruction of houses, and thus they account for the Greek ruins in their midst. They look upon the green lizards which run over their walls with a very different eye. The idea prevails that it is from eating

these that serpents derive their venom, so they kill lizards whenever they can, and it is thought that whoever succeeds in killing forty of them is sure to go to heaven, having saved so many men from poison.

I visited many families in their mountain caves, which are deliciously cool in the summer heats, and the mud floors are scarcely ever dry. Stone benches are put along the sides covered with dairy produce; in one corner is the oven, where the new milk is simmering all day. When the family goes out to attend the flocks, a lot of prickly brushwood is placed at the cave's mouth; no other door is needed. The mountains of Karpathos are exceedingly high, rivalling those of the neighboring Crete, and a story of a golden treasure on the slopes of Mount Lastos curiously reminds one of a similar legend told in ancient times in Crete. It is now said there must be gold up there, because the teeth of their flocks are often tinged with gold after browsing on this mountain. The shepherds wear sandals of untanned ox-hide — just a flat piece of leather fastened by thongs to the feet; these are most comfortable for long mountain journeys, and exactly the same that Homer describes. The peasant's wife is but a chattel, to be hounded and worked like a slave. She waits upon her husband, but never eats with him. She is a pitiable object, much as she must have been in the time of Hesiod, who considered it the worst feature of a bad wife to sit at meals with her lord. Hesiod's advice to a young man starting in life would apply to a Karpathiote to-day: "You must begin with a house, a wife, an ox, and a plough." The women almost invariably have their faces covered all but the eyes. This, I am inclined to believe, is not a Turkish, but an ancient Greek custom, for in an island like Karpathos, which has only been two hundred years under Turkish rule, and on which a Turkish woman has doubtless never stepped, it is not likely that the fashion has been borrowed from them. An Italian traveller in the Middle Ages tells us how Greek women never went out of doors in broad daylight, and were never seen in public. Michael Psellos, the best authority on Byzantine customs in the eleventh century, tells us how his mother wore a veil to hide her face from the gaze of men, and how the officials in attendance on the empress Zoe and Theodora never raised their eyes from the ground, out of respect to the sex of their rulers. Thus did Penelope walk,

followed by two women, and her face covered with a magnificent veil.

In the village each house has its threshing-floor attached, and close to each threshing-floor are curious round holes in the ground, called *lakkoï*, in which the farmer stores his grain. When dug, they cover the inside of these holes with straw, and on this they pile up the grain so as to form a cone-shaped mound; this they cover with straw, and on the top put some brushwood, and then pad the whole down with earth, so that the rain never penetrates. This is a very ancient method of storing grain, and is peculiar now to this spot. Ancient Greek husbandmen called these holes *σποι*.

Not far from the threshing floor reposes their primitive plough, a plough such as Homer would have seen if he had not been blind. The chief requisite for a Karpathiote plough is a tree with a trunk and two branches; one branch serves as a tail, whilst the other, tipped with the share, penetrates the ground, and the trunk serves as the pole. Sometimes there are slight improvements on this primitive instrument, but not often; its chief merit is that it is so light that the farmer can carry it over his shoulder as he drives his bullocks before him to their work. They never care about making deep furrows, and they never make straight ones. The ploughman begins his day by ploughing a circle, over which he goes, round and round and across, in a careless fashion, till his task is done. The share is a pointed cylindrical bit of iron in no way altered from those that are found of ancient days. A Karpathiote peasant has a great veneration for his share; it is handed down from father to son, and from plough to plough. When a marriage takes place, the mother of the bridegroom meets the happy pair on the threshold of their new home on their return from church, and there she gives them what is called the "incense of the share;" that is to say, she puts into the iron some ashes from the hearth and waves them about in front of the young couple, after the fashion of the priest in church. This is supposed to insure for them strength like the iron of the share, and industrious habits such as former owners of the share have displayed. There is usually a sort of shed against each cottage, where rude tools are kept — wooden spades, a pickaxe, and perhaps a saw. On the wall of the shed hangs what the owner calls his *φλάκι*, that is to say his *φολάκι*, or skin in which the grain they

want for household consumption is kept. You find in Aristotle exactly the same name for exactly the same article.

These peasants do not often go to the neighboring village of Olympus from their mountain hamlet. This village, which contains about a thousand inhabitants, and is itself replete with old-world customs, is to them the centre of the world and dissipation; but they generally contrive to go on the 11th of September, the day of the raising of the cross, and then they take with them a bundle tied up in a white handkerchief. This they hang on the tripod on which the tray for holding the cross is put, and they do not remove it until the cross is elevated. The handkerchief contains corn, barley, beans, two roses, figs, garlic, and a little beeswax. When the time for sowing seed has come, they rub a little of the garlic on the foreheads of their oxen, and say as they do so, "May you, my oxen, and may you, my family, be strong! May the fruits of the earth be blessed!" The roses are broken up and scattered about the first field which is sown that year, as a sure emblem of abundance and success, and all the rest of the contents of the handkerchief are thrown into the earth. A strict fast is maintained all day, and in doing this undoubtedly they perpetuate the old sacrifices (*Ιεροπρόσιας*) before the sowing of seed to ensure a productive harvest.

In the village of Olympus much of the primitive old life is left. The men carry the thick hair garments which their wives weave at home, they wear their hair long and shaggy, and they govern themselves by a sort of Parliament, which meets once a year in the village church. We were present at one of these meetings, and were struck by the deference shown to the elders and the attention which the younger men paid to the words which fell from their mouths. At their feasts the same deference to old age is manifest; the elders sing first those idyls which are only found on Karpethos, and are of a genuine archaic type. Very few of them can write or read, and any one that does so is honored at once with the title of *diakos*, or deacon, and is a person of great importance at the assemblies, for he it is who keeps the minutes, and can write down pretty nearly what he pleases, sitting cross-legged, with the inkstand on the ground before him. By the stream which flows down a narrow valley from Olympus to the sea, great reeds grow which are often used for the ceilings of their flat-roofed houses and for hedges. This they

call *νάρθηκα* (*νάρθηξ*), a survival of the old word for the reed by which Prometheus brought down fire from heaven. And one can easily imagine the origin of this myth by watching the customs of to-day. A peasant housewife of Olympus, who wishes to carry a light from one house to another, will put the embers into one of these reeds to prevent its being extinguished.

On the remote island of Amorgos, the bulwark of the modern kingdom of Greece in the Archipelago, we had ample opportunity afforded us for watching the cultivation of the vine, and the many ceremonies connected with it, which have been doubtless handed down from antiquity. The hoe which they use for tilling their vineyards here is different from that used in any other island; it is two-pronged, and is still called a *δίκλα*, an obvious contraction of the name used by Sophocles, *δίκελλα*, to express the same tool. On the occasion of planting a vineyard, an Amorgiote landowner holds a sort of Bacchic festival. After morning prayer in the church on one of the many festivals of the Virgin, he calls together fifty or more men, according to the size of the vineyard he intends to plant. To each man he hands a spade and a hoe, and then he fills skins with wine and brings out joints of goat's flesh, which have been roasted for the occasion, and this improvised company start off in high glee, singing as they go, preceded by a standard-bearer holding a white banner. The vineyard must be planted in one day, and during the interval for rest at midday, they consume the wine and the flesh. In the evening they return to the owner's house and have a regular symposium. To see the Greek islanders in their element, you must be present at one of these feasts. They sing part songs to the tune of a lyre with considerable pathos, with their arms around each others' necks, and clapping their great hands now and again as an accompaniment to the music. After each song the host fills up the glasses, and it is a recognized duty on these occasions to get drunk. Co-operative work on this principle is very common. When winter sets in, the husbandmen meet together to assist each other at the forges in preparing their implements of husbandry for the coming season, the sole payment being a symposium given by each landowner in turn. In Karpethos houses are built on this principle; wood is carried up from the shore, stones are brought, and when the house is finished the relatives bring

presents of food for the table which is to be spread for those who have taken a part in its erection. Some of the islands, especially Eubœa and those contiguous to the mainland, indulge in the abominable luxury of resinated wine; that is to say, the wine is put into barrels with resin in it, with a view to preserve it, and this gives a very strong flavor of varnish to the beverage. The Greeks love this wine, and it acts as a strong and refreshing tonic in hot weather. Foreigners, as a rule, are rather doubtful about its excellence, though I do not think the flavor is worse than that which beer must present when drunk for the first time. The custom is by no means modern. Plutarch (Quest. Nat. x.) tells us how the ancients put sea-water into their wine to give it a flavor, and he also tells us that the casks were smeared inside with pitch, and that the Eubœans actually did put resin into their wine to flavor it.

In some of the fishing villages on the coasts I came across much that savored of antiquity in the traditional manner in which the Greek islanders catch their fish; when fishing for shellfish, pinnae, octopodia, and such things, they have a long trident, not exactly like the one Poseidon was supposed to wield, for it has sometimes as many as eleven prongs, but still it bears as its name the old word *καμαξ*, from *ἀμάσσω*, to brandish, which in classical Greek was used to describe a vine-pole, the shaft of a spear, and the tiller of the rudder. Fishermen from the island of Hydra make bulwarks of wattled osiers instead of canvas, of the *λυγυρία*, or *agnus castus*, of Dioscorides, which grows in the dry beds of mountain torrents, and which is used for hampers and numerous articles of household use. Such must have been the bulwarks which Ulysses made for his two-decked raft when he left the charmed island of Calypso. In many of the islands they are very expert in fishing for the scaros, and catch them still after the fashion that Oppian sings of in his poem on fishing. The scaros is by nature a most affectionate fish, and will risk anything to save a female friend. Taking advantage of this propensity, the expert fisherman secures a female fish and fastens her to a line; if dead he artfully bobs her up and down so as to assume the appearance of life, and to rescue her male scari rush in shoals, and these another man easily catches with a net. Tunny-fishing generally takes place in May, and they use for it nets with large openings and thick string. They select a bay with

a convenient promontory, from a post on which they fasten their nets, while they row out to a rock in the sea; here they leave a man, and return to shore by a roundabout route, carrying a string with them by which they can pull in their net as soon as the man on the rock announces the arrival of the fish. This is the plan Aristotle describes in his book on animals. If the market is overstocked with tunny, they drive the fish into a creek by throwing stones at them, and fasten up the entrance with brambles, and here they keep them until they are required. Fishermen are very superstitious in their way; those of Melos believe in an ogre called Vanis, a being with goat's feet and human body — a satyr, in short, who dwells at the end of a certain promontory, which they pass on going out of their harbor. They always throw a bit of bread into the water as they go by, that Vanis may eat and send them fish in return. Fishermen tell you, too, terrible stories of those weird lights which appear at the mast-head during a storm, and which they call *telonia*, demons of the air to be exorcised by magic words, by shooting, or by the beating of brass instruments. In their songs they personify them as birds of evil omen, which settle on the masts of modern caiques, just as they settled on the masts of wandering Ulysses. I have seen lunatics in the islands who are said to have lost their reason whilst at sea through these uncanny creatures.

Many were the festivals, and many were the games we witnessed in our island wanderings, and many were the parallels we found amongst these to the festivals and games of antiquity. On the 1st of March, in Samos and other islands, they still have what is called a swallow festival. Small bands of youngsters go wandering from house to house, singing and begging at each door on this day; for the occasion they borrow the church cross, which they adorn with flowers, but I was told that in some places they carry a stick, on the top of which is a rude representation of a swallow. At each house they receive some trifle for their basket — eggs, bread, and so forth — and at each door they sing a song, the burthen of which is the departure of winter, and the reappearance of swallows with spring. This is an obvious remnant of the swallow-feasts (*χελιδονιάματα*) of ancient days, when revellers went around to collect "little gifts for the swallows," as Athenæus tells us. The 1st of May is another favorite festival day amongst the island peasantry. On this day they hang out garlands of flowers

from their windows, and bunches of unripe grapes and ears of rapidly ripening corn. This seems as if it were a sort of dim relic of a feast in honor of Demeter, and recalls the old custom of *ἡρσάνθια*, when at springtide the women of the Peloponnese dressed themselves in flowers and held festival.

A curious instance of the tenacity of these old customs in remote places is to be found in Karpathos, where the inhabitants celebrate New Year's day twice, once on the 1st of September, and once on the ordinary first of the year. The 1st of September was the first of the old Byzantine year, and on this day Karpathiote women at dawn wash the streets with water, which is brought from a certain sacred well; they likewise wash their houses, and no one may enter the houses until after the ceremony except the person who has been sent for the jug of sacred water, and who receives in return a present of figs and bread. They spread the leaves of a rose, which has been blessed in church, on the floor, and wish each other many years, as the master of the house says, "May you, my family, be healthy, and may money be showered into my house like the leaves of this rose." On the usual New Year's day, they go through the same ceremony of washing and wishing prosperity, only if the day is wet the street cleansing is omitted.

On their many festivals and saints' days, the Greek islanders are the most enthusiastic players of games. Some of these are wild, some of them are amusing, and some can be distinctly traced to antiquity, as probably all could if we had ample records to go upon. At Easter time the maidens of many islands have the game of swing (*κουβιτά*). They hang a rope from one wall of the narrow village street to the other; on this they put some clothes to form a seat, and two maidens seated side by side, facing in opposite directions, swing, and as they swing they sing local ditties, plaintive for the most part, in a high, shrill voice. Aware of this, the young men try to pass by, and are called upon for a toll of a copper apiece, a song, and a swing. They generally sing such words as these, "The gold is swung, the silver is swung, and swung too is my love with the golden hair," to which the maiden replies, "Who is it that swings me, that I may gild him with my favor, that I may work him a fez all covered with pearls?" Having paid his copper the youth is allowed to pass, and another comes by and does likewise. These

games at Volatha, in Karpathos, take place on the Sundays in Lent, when the young men who are at home from their work on this day can be present. We are strangely reminded of the game of swing which the maidens of Athens played in remembrance of the death of Erigone, who hung herself from a tree, when they sang plaintive ditties in honor of her name, and garlanded themselves with flowers, whereas now they sing solemn ditties about the passion and resurrection of our Lord.

Amongst the games played by the boys of Samos, I saw one which bore a curious resemblance to single-wicket cricket; they call it "ball," *σφαίρος*. There are five players on each side; one side is in, the other fields; the one who is in defends his wicket, a stone erected on the grass, with his hand; when he hits the ball he does not run, but counts one when the ball is sent beyond a certain boundary line they have; if the ball hits the stone he is out. In the mountain villages of Samos may still be traced in various forms the ancient game of *δακτύλιον ἐπ' ἀλλοτρίοις*, which we can see depicted for us on a vase in the Munich Museum. It exists still in Italy under the name of *morra*, but in its simplest form it has survived in Samos. We saw two little boys playing together; one leant against a wall head downwards, the other placed his two fists one above the other on his playfellow's back; "Which hand is uppermost?" he cried; the other guessed; "No, it isn't," was generally the reply, accompanied by a pretty sharp smack. A more elaborate form of this game is when two boys, leap-frog fashion, stoop down, the foremost against the wall and the hindmost holding him; a third boy leaps on the back of the nearest to him, extends a certain number of fingers and cries, "How many fingers in the air?" the front boy has to guess, and if wrong receives a smack from the rider. Not only amongst boys is this a popular game, but *πόσα*, "how many," is a favorite game at village feasts. Six men were playing it when I saw it, three on each side; the three on one side were called the beasts of burden (*τὰ ζῶα*), that is to say, they turned their backs to the other three, who jumped upon them. Having done this, one of the riders put one hand over the eyes of his "beast of burden," and held the other in the air, and as he did so extended some fingers and closed others, and cried, *πόσα*, — how many? If the beast of burden is stupid in guessing the right number of fingers extended, he receives sundry boxes on the ears, and gen-

eral rough treatment from his rider, amidst the laughing and jeering of the bystanders. When all three beasts of burden have guessed aright, they change place with their riders, who have to guess in their turn.

In their medical lore, the Greek peasants of the present day retain a close resemblance to their ancestors. Various quacks and charms were held as secrets in families, and known to old women only, who performed them, and it is precisely the same now. Old witch-like women are the recognized village doctors; they pretend to drive out diseases, by muttering incantations, or by passes with a sickle, the point of which has been dipped in honey. Sudden illnesses, especially epilepsy, "the sacred disease of the ancients," are attributed to the direct influence of the devil, and the usual cure for these is to burn incense morning and evening at cross roads, which ceremony must be performed for forty days, and concluded by a priest reading an office, while the sufferer must wear the priest's sacred girdle. Many believe that the devil can be propitiated by lighting a candle to his honor in church. The idea is prevalent that if you light a candle to the devil, the demons of the lower air will be so much astonished at the unexpected compliment that they will hasten to perform the behests of the lighter. For a similar reason, doubtless, in many places the devil is called "the good man" (*καλὸς ἀνθρωπος*), for the same love of euphemisms is exhibited nowadays that gave the name of Eumenides to the Furies. Many unpleasant diseases bear euphemistic names. The small-pox is called the *ευλογία*; a child's colic is called "its sweet," and minor diseases go by the name of the "unintentionals." The doctors in these villages have a hard time, they say, to contend with superstitions as black as ever they were in pagan days. What can they do when people affirm that a sprain is caused by the ill-will of a nereid, a demon of the air, and that a prayer and a candle to the Blessed Virgin are a far more effectual cure than any of his embrocations?

J. THEODORE BENT.

From St. James's Gazette.
CREMATING A KING.

THE body of the late second king of Siam, who died in August of last year,

was cremated with all due honors on the 14th of June. The interval between death and cremation seems strangely long; but haste, which is in no case considered "good form" in Siam, is thought especially indecorous when the mortal remains of any great dignitary have to be disposed of. Accordingly the body of the royal deceased was allowed to lie in state for more than nine months; and it was not till the spring of the present year that preparations were made for erecting the grand building in which he was to be reduced to ashes. But then, as if by magic, there arose in the wide open space to the north of the royal palace a glittering structure of vast dimensions. On the outside of the pile, a long quadrangular line of low thatched buildings forming cloisters; inside, a number of pointed roofs rising one above the other; in the midst of these, a four-sided tower with conical roof, sloping upwards until it tapered into a pinnacle, and thence dwindling into a mast, which was held firm by long ropes stretched from the ground. The top of this — nearly two hundred feet from the ground — rose above the gabled roofs, and the whole mass glittered with bright gilding scattered lavishly over the red groundwork of the walls and platforms below.

Inside the cathedral — for it resembled nothing so much — the scene was still more bright. From the tall ceilings of the naves or aisles hung draperies of rich colored cloth and gauze, with festoons of lamps. Along the sides of the aisles were chairs for the State officials, and there was a gold throne for the king himself. In the middle of the building, beneath the great spire, was the catafalque and pyre, a light quadrangular structure pinnacled and draped and profusely decorated with wood-carving and heavy gilding. On a golden altar within the sort of "four-poster" thus erected was the resting-place for the urn itself, in which the body of the defunct king was to rest while the fire was lighted beneath. A dim religious light, even at midday, pervaded the inmost sanctuary; and the gloom was suitably relieved by the yellow robes of a priest who from time to time glided ghostlike through the building or squatted in devotional attitude upon the floor.

Four days before the actual burning, occurred the important ceremony of transporting the body from its state resting-place to the cremation building. An immense procession was formed on the far side of the edifice. A military escort

came first, and then a troop of artificial beasts constructed of wood. The horse, the Assyrian eagle-headed lion, the fabulous Rachasce dear to Siamese scholars, the tiger, and the sacred elephant, all glided along, dragged upon tiny creaking wheels by men clad in consecrated jack-ets of Chinese workmanship. Then came a forest of flags and crimson canopies borne aloft by men wearing striped uniforms of blue, red, and white; then more soldiers and more bands; and next, amidst flourishes of trumpets and the playing of the national anthem, the king himself, borne in a golden litter, with two of his children. His Majesty takes his post in a pavilion near the gates of this building, where the princes and ministers are already awaiting him; and soon is heard the discordant blast of the Brahmin shells, blown by the Hindoo priests who officiate only on high occasions of state in Siam. A long and slow procession follows. The Dead March is well played by the royal band, in true European style; and to its solemn notes advances a strange procession, in which the Brahmin priests, with their snow-white robes and tall white pointed caps, are very conspicuous. Behind them appears the funeral carriage itself — a towering structure in which the dark brown of the wood-carving is well set off by the heavy gold of the decorations. Almost at the top of it, close to the ark which holds the royal remains, sits one of the chief priests. The others hold in their hands the sacred cord which unites them all in prayer. In litters near the hearse are carried the two sons of the late king, clad from head to foot in cloth-of-gold; and these go in first to the building to receive the corpse, which is slowly lowered on to another litter and deposited at length on the catafalque within.

On the cremation day all Bangkok turns out. The *lakons*, or theatres, beat their loudest drums and exhibit their most attractive dancing-girls. At 5 P. M. the foreign minister proceeds to the east entrance, followed by the diplomatic body, who are seated on chairs between the east transept and the cloisters. Near them are the great provincial magnates in uniform with their gold belts; and inside, within the nave itself, are the chief ministers of State and princes of the blood-royal, arrayed in black with blue or yellow sashes. There is a long pause, but at last a scuffling at the gates is heard. Soldiers file in, carrying the rod-bundles which remind one so much of Roman *fascies*. A double line is formed, — Euro-

peans with their uniforms and evening dress on the one side, Siamese in brighter colors on the other. Then the national anthem sounds. The king comes in, alone this time, in his litter of state. His bearers put down the litter; his Majesty steps out of it, salutes the functionaries, salutes the diplomats, and with a quick step mounts the steps of the nave. Another minute and he has applied the scented torch to the fagots of the pyre, and, immediately returning, ascends his litter and departs. There is a sort of rush into the building; but the hasty are imprudent. A thick dull vapor is rising heavily from the altar and rolling in sullen waves down the nave. It is supposed to come from fragrant woods deeply impregnated with sweet scents; but the effect is not agreeable. Its acrid vapor almost blinds the eyes, which can hardly distinguish the rich drapery and hangings of the canopy above. Some are inquisitive enough to push on, and actually mount the half-dozen steps leading to the altar; but they are nearly stifled by the smoke and its pine odor. Soon the building is cleared, and the work of slow destruction goes on before a mere handful of spectators, mostly priests. At midnight the ashes are sifted, and the bones collected in a sacred urn. But during the previous six hours the odors that pervade the sacred edifice are not to be described.

From The Spectator.

TWO ALPINE DAYS.

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT.]

IT was some weeks ago, in Switzerland, that I was reading in my *Spectator* some brother wanderer's jubilant description of Anjou as a country where it never rains, and is never damp when it does. I seem to be always in search of these climates, and to find them never, except in my own cloudless city of the southern English coast, which seems a kind of sun-trap for every ray which pierces the gray-black ceiling of the European world. Man-like, of course, I only want to let my house and leave it, and give in to the modern temptation of flitting anywhere. Shall I try Anjou? For, judging from my own recent not-for-the-first-time experiences, it can rain in Switzerland. The curious in wisdom's lore may even remember that a few seasons ago, Professor Tyndall wrote to the *Times* to prove that it did. Since then, the fact has not been doubted by any

thinking man. I am in the position, however, of being able to add my humble quota of scientific truth, in the shape of an assurance that in Switzerland, unlike Anjou, it is, when it does rain, very damp indeed. They are fine in themselves, though, those strange seasons of battle between sun and Cloud, when day by day the first gathers fresh strength at noon-tide, and his persistent enemies seem bound to melt away; then back, and stealthily back again they come; first the single spies, and then the black battalions, rolling in with ghostlike silence from the rainward quarter, or ever and again bringing up against his struggling godship the roar of the thunderous artillery, or the rattle of the piercing hail. At last the baffled sun hides his face altogether, and then follows one of those fortnight or three-weeks periods of sullen grey, when one gives up looking for it, or longs for it with a kind of sense of personal pain. The clouds are encamped all round the sky and earth like a set of sulky usurpers; and in the effacement of the rightful monarch, scarcely think it worth their while to waste themselves in rain. Constantly to the watcher of one of these campaigns, so fertile in strategic surprises of atmospheric effect on either side, while victory inclines first to one and then to the other, and the glass stands obstinately at "Variable," recur the lines of Shelley's stanza, perhaps out of our whole language the most absolute success in word-painting:—

I am the daughter of Earth and Water,
The nursling of the sky;
I pass thro' the pores of the oceans and shores,
I change, but I cannot die.
For after rain, when with never a stain
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams, with their convex gleams,
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I arise, and unbuild it again.

One day my companion and I especially remember during the campaign of last month, when the poor old sun got unmistakably the worst of it. Reflecting on the variety, number, and persistency of those enemies of his, one wonders how he ever has the best. We were staying at lovely Grindelwald, where the hug of the dear old Bear is so warm, the friendly hospitality of the Boss family so cheery (for it doesn't seem like inn-keep-

ing at all), the air, even in the dullest of seasons, so fresh and pure and lifting, and the magic dissolving views of the Wetterhorn so infinite in variety, that I could but agree with the innocent wonder of one of the mountain-bred brothers, how "anybody could want to be in the valleys in such bad weather as that." That day we defied augury, and took our chance of the Wengernalp. After reaching the Hôtel des Alpes, we went straight through clouds to the Scheideck, and found ourselves, as it were, in the top of them. They curled all round our feet, and hid the bases of the Oberland giants altogether from our view. But above, the vault was perfect, and though the vapors kept charging along the summits, and obscuring them by turns, yet sometimes one by one, then sudden groups of two or three together, and once for a brief space the whole of the giant array, stood out like far-off cameos before our eyes, the moveless cloud-cauldron at their base lending to them a quite immeasurable height, a nameless thrilling grandeur. The Points of Silver and the Peak of Storm, the Monk, the Giant, and the Maiden, all were there, radiant with a kind of tear-compelling beauty. It was a wonderful day, and to be remembered.

Let me contrast with it a second, of a very different kind,—an appropriate still-life picture of the mountains. When we reached the Bear at Grindelwald, on June 8th, we found the migratory English colony there, small of course at that date in numbers, but pleasantly and unaffectedly sociable, as usual in the nooks of travel where the big luggage and the company manners have been left behind. Society was in a pleasing flutter of excitement, and there was a kind of ecclesiastic flavor about the quiet place. We were all interested except one gloomy mountaineer of the village, who had evidently been reared in a general mistrust of the priesthood. He opined that the weather was very bad for a Grindelwald June, but that the rain could not be expected to stop till the clergy were gone. He spoke, I am bound to say, without respect of denomination. The worst day of all, he remarked, was when they arrived. His prophecy failed of fulfilment, for it rained afterwards worse than ever, and to the rest of us the visitors were welcome. For the occasion was one of simple interest, the opening of an English church for the first time in the favorite valley. The smoking-room of the Bear, where the services were wont to be held, was not a

happy substitute. Naturally, it suited neither those who wanted to smoke, nor those who didn't. So the energy and the work of one or two men — particularly of one whom illness unhappily prevented from being present at his child's christening, and of an active architect who came to Switzerland to nurse it out of the winter's snow — brought about the building of this little temple, which stands in the grounds of the Bear, and just below the house, an appropriate, graceful *châlet*, with a church-like roof, wood resting upon a basis of secure stone. Ladies and gentlemen who love the mountain spirit, and the worship in the eternal hills, you may well bestow your mites this travellers' season there, even though Ruskin disapprove you. The kindly Swiss pastor of the village took a brother's interest in the work; and it was pleasant to see him meeting and greeting the bishop of our own Church who came to dedicate the building. To dedicate only, not to consecrate, — I believe at his own wise and broad-hearted wish, characteristic of the school of prelate so happily on the increase amongst us. For consecration is to the work of the one communion; dedication to that of the one faith. And nowhere more than in the bosom of those mighty mountains, among the sternest yet the most entrancing of the varying proportions of nature, does the invisible and silent Preacher steadily enforce upon the varying creeds even of believing man, what in its generous fulness is the length, and breadth, and height.

Our story had its humorous side, for the silver thread runs everywhere. There was our earnest young lady to preside over the harmonium, who, on sending back for her music, was provided by an anxious Boss with a selection of dance-tunes. "The Boots brought them to me," she said to me afterwards. "That was I!" said the delighted and cheery Théophile when I told him; "I was that Boots!" And "Bootz" thereafter he became. Likewise, there was a repentant sinner somewhere, who, having annexed my umbrella from the stand five days before, when it had been searched for high and low in vain, restored it to the stand, dripping and unbeknown, after the service, under pressure of remorse. I have that umbrella still, strange to say (partly, no doubt, because it is no longer worth having), and if this should meet the penitent annexer's eye, I should like him to know that I forgive him. Nor do I know any one more likely to forgive me than

our bishop, if I confess to having capped a good-natured epigram of his, and a very clever one, which he presented at parting to the Bosses, on the assumption of the seven stars in the Bear above, and the seven Bosses in the Bear below. The Boss below was pleased but puzzled, until by a rival epigram I explained to him both point and puzzle, for the good bishop had mistaken the number: —

This epigram were truly great,
Save that the Bosses, here, are eight.

But it was a moving thing, somehow, that simple morning service, attended by a little band of some forty worshippers. It was a season of storm and avalanche, when the white snow-falls, as of a fine dust in the distance, yet falling with reverberate sound, leaped more recklessly than ever from crest to crest down the Eiger and the Mettenberg. The rain battered hardily without, and a little drowned the rather unregulate song within. But the place was quiet and restful, and the good bishop's voice earnest and distinct. The sermon, given without book, and in the spirit and manner of an orator from the open platform — not in the cabined and confined pulpit-fashion of tradition, which always leads me into a dreamy kind of speculation how long an ordinary layman could be eloquent in a sentry-box without moving — was forcible, compressed, and true. Heaven send us a few more such preachers, and more such broad and Christianly teaching! The little congregation was very reverent and still; and there was something that went home more even than usual in the after-service of the Eucharist. Always beautiful exceedingly; appealing always more than anything on earth to the direct but mystic trust of those that earnestly believe, — there was in it — ay, even in that — the sense of some stronger bond than ever between the Father and those who, always owning, shall even out of stumbling and trouble never be in their own happy faith disowned. I wished that I were a Goldsmith, I think. Not an unusual wish, or a practical. But I mean that it was just a scene which that weakly human but simply reverent soul would have loved of all things to paint, — leading man more and more, from the lessons of those Alpine pastures, through the simplicity of those Alpine lives, to a purely joyous, and only out of love's hope fearful, trust in God.

H. M.